

# The Silent Worker

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## The Frats at Atlanta

By ALEX. L. PACH



**A**FTER more than forty years of National Conventions of the Deaf, the real South had its turn last summer when Atlanta became host to the "Frats." In spite of many misgivings as to the outcome of the meeting in the extreme South under a July sun, all went merrier than the traditional marriage bell. To begin with, there are southern points that are cooler in summer than many further north. Way up in Minnesota, just the week before, that State's Association of the Deaf held its meetings under literally sweltering circumstances, and a thousand miles further south the "Frats" week in Atlanta saw not so much as a wilted collar anywhere.

But climatical conditions do not bring about a successful convention. There was a charm about the personality of Atlanta's local committee and their tremendous energy and hustle that easily compelled all others of the Southern deaf people, and many of the citizens of Atlanta, to lend a hand, with the result that there wasn't a hitch anywhere.

The headquarters of the Local Committee were at the right of the entrance of the Piedmont Hotel, and from early morning till late at night some of the Committee were on duty there. The excellence, completeness and elaborateness of the preliminary arrangements were manifest at once on signing the register of the hotel, and if you were a booked visitor, your key was handed you immediately.

The Piedmont is a magnificent hotel as an institution, and the several clerks smoothed the way to an even week's delight that made the place a very satisfactory substitute for home. Not quite as up to date as Detroit's Statler, it is still a great deal more modern than any of the Hartford hotels the N. A. D. had for homes for its members while we were there, and far ahead of Cleveland's Hollenden. The bedrooms are many windowed, ceilings are high, beds comfortable and there's one

for every guest, even if two in a room. One never has to ring for towels, or the little needs for man's comfort, for every thing is supplied in unlimited quantities. There wasn't a thing to register even a regret about, and the only oddity I found was in that the running water was

labeled hot and cold as is customary, but for the whole week the labels were misleading, for the only cold water was brought up by bell-boys, with ice accompaniment, and the running water was invariably of two varieties, one very emphatically hot, and the other just lukewarm. I was curious enough to ask some of the Atlanta boys about this phenomena, but they only said they were sorry. I tried to explain that I was not complaining, but was merely inquisitive, but without results as to an explanation, or solution.

Not merely as a place to sleep was the Piedmont a good home, but it was a decidedly good place to eat. A great many did not find this out in time, or the dining rooms would have been better patronized. For the morning meal were a choice of club breakfasts that begun with a 60 cent fast-breaking treat of cantaloupe, toast or rolls, eggs in any style and a pot of coffee. That can not be matched for excellence anywhere, and in price is far below New York or Detroit prices, except in the serve-self sittings, and lunch was even better, more satisfactory and cheaper, for, though called lunch, it was a dinner, from soup to desert, and the charge only 75

cents. Twice that will not buy such a meal in New York today. The evening meal was only served on the a la carte plan, but even then one could fare sumptuously, and still keep within the allowance the N. F. S. D. Board made for the delegates who were there at the Society's expense.

Just a word about the committee who worked three years to make good every promise that Atlanta had made when it was awarded the Convention. Percy W. Ligon was Chairman, and rightly for he was the man that



HARRY C. ANDERSON  
Re-elected President of the National Fraternal  
Society of the Deaf



EIGHTH TRIENNIAL CONVENTION NATIONAL FRATERPAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF, ATLANTA, GA., JULY 11-16, 1921

coaxed, cajoled, pleaded and won the delegates over at the Philadelphia meeting in 1918. Ligon never says an unnecessary word if he can help it. He says "all right," or "I don't get you." If it's good he pushes it along, if it isn't overboard it goes. Working with him were Ross A. Johnson, L. B. Dickerson, W. E. Gholdston and S. M. Freeman. The first four are very young men. The quintet are characteristic of the spirit of what for lack of a better name is called the "New South." If Ligon were not the live wire he is, Johnson would have been Chairman. The results would have been just the same. I think in an extremity Johnson would be like lightning in getting a thing done if any one wanted it done very much. Associated with the Committee was Odie W. Underhill, one of the Gallaudet College achievements who has the knack of getting away with anything he undertakes. He and Ross Johnson did an Advance Agent stunt at Detroit last summer that had a lot to do with advertising the Atlanta meeting. Gholdston does his share of the work in a characteristically reserved way and he was personally known to many of the Frats, for they had met him when on his honeymoon journey to the Columbus conclave back in 1912, and Prof. Freeman, an old time N. A. D. official was a personal friend of hundreds, so meeting the committee for many of us was just a re-union.

These six names were the feature ones in connection with the arrangements, but there is one other person to whom a large share of congratulation is due. A typical gentlewoman of the south, an unassuming, modest woman who, if she were of Virginia instead of Georgia stock, we would call an F. F. V., which is the nearest I can come to it, because I do not know what the Virginia corollary of a F. F. V. is, calls the several men whose names filled up the Arrangements Committee list "my boys," is due for thanks for a considerable share of the achievements of Atlanta's glorious gathering. A lot of you have guessed that I am referring to Mrs. C. L. Jackson, known to all who were at the N. A. D.'s Colorado Springs meeting, and known of through her literary products. Mrs. Jackson comes of one of Atlanta's oldest and best families, and has a host of friends that have influence and standing, and when she expresses a wish for any particular thing, she gets it in short order. She has a charming home, just the kind that one would look for for a woman of her achievements and her work in behalf of fellow deaf is a labor of love, for it isn't in reason that her heart yearns for anything she hasn't got.

So much by way of preliminary as to the preliminaries.

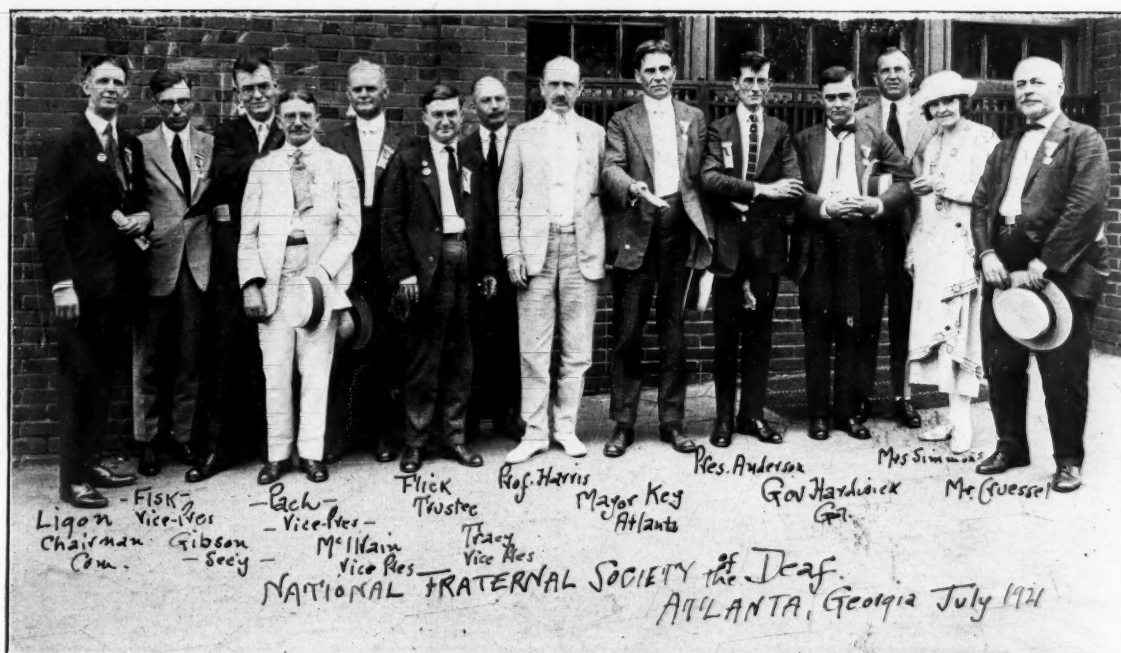
Came then, the opening Monday morning with the Governor and the Mayor on the program as welcomers, and in all my many years as a convention goer to conventions of the deaf, I never before saw the Governor part of the program carried out, and very rarely the Mayor. One notable exception was Cleveland's N. A. D. meeting, when Mayor (afterward Secretary of War) Baker did come and give the glad hand, but at Atlanta, Governor Hardwick did come, and make a real welcoming speech, not merely that, but next day when he passed a group of Frat officials who were having an informal conclave on the lawn in front of Georgia's State House, he retraced his steps, turned around, came up and shook hands all around and raised his hat and disappeared into the State House where he had the Legislature on his hands.

Then there was Mayor Key and his enthusiasm that led him to make his own speech of felicitation in the sign-



F. P. GIBSON  
Re elected Secretary National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.





The gentleman back of Gov. Hardwick and Mrs. Simmons is F. W. Cooledge, Jr., one of Atlanta's most influential citizens, head of a wholesale Paint and Glass house, who is greatly interested in the Deaf—has learned the sign language and was present at all the public events in connection with the Convention.

language, doing away with the need of an interpreter. Not merely did he learn to say all he wanted to say in signs, but he learned to say it with proper inflection and emphasis. There was a great deal of heart put in the applause that followed these representatives of the State of Georgia and City of Atlanta, after which the most disheartening, most chilling and most effective damper and wet blanket I ever saw at a meeting of deaf people.



A. L. ROBERTS  
Elected Assistant Secretary of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

The Principal of the State School for the Deaf was also on the program, but for some reason he chose to tell the Governor all about oralism, and its progress at Cave Spring, where the State School is located, and told how under that wonderful system the barrier of deafness was being swept away. Not a word as to what the veteran Connor in his half century's labors had accomplished. Nothing about hundreds of Georgia's deaf men and women who were in the audience, among them many splendidly equipped as to being able to speak orally, are some of the finest lip-readers I have ever met. At the Staunton Teachers' Convention some years ago, Prof. Connor, with the publisher of this magazine and myself as an audience, was telling something of the oral work in his school, when one of his graduates, who happened to be present, came by, and he called her and insisted we try her lip-reading powers. We found we could put over some hard stunts in that direction, every one of which the young woman met in triumph. She is one of Georgia's fairest, happily married now, and was one of the throng at the Union Station that met our train, and she was there looking for Mr. Connor's friends that she had met at Staunton.

The speech on behalf of the head of the Georgia school was entirely for the Governor, and the most charitable thing that can be said of it was that it was out of place.

It did emphasize the absence of good old W. O. Connor, and it did cause unanimous regret that there in the city of Atlanta where the grand old man was one of the best known of its men, and one of the most highly honored, it was a tremendous misfortune that the veteran educator did not live a little longer that he might have been one of the convention party in the city and state he loved and served so well. His daughter, Mrs. Harriet Connor Stevens, sent a long congratulatory telegram to the Fraters showing she has neither lost sight nor touch with the deaf people her father loved so well.

Of course, welcoming delegations in cities that hold con-

ventions of one kind and another frequently after awhile encroaches on the time of an Executive, but the regularity with which they have begged off from keeping promises made to address a meeting of the deaf makes it appear that the reminder of it from a secretary scares the Executive away, and he sends a substitute, but in Georgia this did not happen.

The Convention lasted a week. For the officers and delegates and alternates this meant being tied down to



ALEX L. PACH  
Elected 2nd Vice President N. F. S. D.

their seats. There isn't any such thing as being late. Roll call just meant checking off. A session announced to begin at nine o'clock, begins at nine o'clock. That's the Frat's idea of business. Some one estimated that, while in session, the meeting cost the N. F. S. D. treasury at the rate of \$1.78 per minute. Only once was a meeting cut short of regular hours, and that was in order that the body might adjourn to take advantage of invitations to ride in some score of fine motor cars that Atlanta citizens had sent, in order that we might have a fine ride around the city, and the only thing that kept the whole crowd from getting into the famed Federal Prison that is one of Atlanta's show places, was in that it was after visiting hours.

A lot of good work was the result of the week's convocation, and much that was accomplished in the way of progressive endeavor, concerns the membership of the order, and will be printed in full in its publication. It was the first and probably the last time the Society holds a convention paying all the expense. Some good new laws were adopted and modifications of others came about. Salaries were increased, but in retrospect, the increase was sadly deficient. A new office was created, that of Assistant Secretary, and the Society was able to get the head of the Kendall School to give up his post there and take up the new office. Congratulations can be distributed evenly on the Society and the new officer, Mr. A. L. Roberts. The Presidency went to Harry C. Anderson, F. P. Gibson holds on to Secretary and E. M. Rowse is the Treasury watch-dog. There wasn't the thought of a contest for any of these offices, and so long as these officials are willing to hold on, you could not find

any one willing to be thought of in connection with the offices. The Pacific Coast got the First Vice-Presidency, Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, and the Atlantic Coast has A. L. Pach 2nd Vice-President, and H. L. Tracy in the South got the honors of Third Vice-Presidency, and the fourth, fifth and sixth vice-presidencies were abolished. The Trustees, Messrs. Flick, Barrow and Leiter were all re-elected.

With the opening session a public event, and a reception in the evening at the Hotel Ansley, only one business session was possible that day, but the rest of the week was crowded with work, though in spite of all the work late on Tuesday came the automobile trip through and around the city, and just at dusk, which comes three hours earlier there, due to the fact that Central Time prevails, not Eastern Time, nor yet Daylight Saving Time, we were landed in Grant Park and treated to what was to most of us a novelty in the Watermelon Cutting. As a matter of fact, we did not cut them. Some of the Committee had attended to that before we got there, and all we had to do was to get in one of two lines and be handed a half of a very long and very luscious Georgia watermelon. Helping ourselves to forks and salt, we found places in the Park to sit down and enjoy the treat. The Jersey watermelon is a treat, but the Georgia article is the best ever. You can eat them all over the country to be sure, but only after they have made a journey in a refrigerator car and lost a good deal of their sweetness and other qualities that baffle my powers of description, but suffice it to say that half a melon made a whole meal, and when one was through, and the melon stowed away where it does the most good, one felt that he had dined very well and sumptuously.

Two long sessions took up Wednesday morning and afternoon, of whom all those who had been enrolled at Gallaudet College, or who had married such a favored individual, which made up a party of eighty-five, enjoyed a banquet at Hotel Ansley at noon, with three of the N. F. S. D. Grand Officers as guests, and also as speakers, showing how broad minded the Gallaudeters can be, when they shelved some of the best orators we have in order that the President of the N. F. S. D., the Secretary and a mere Vice-President might orate.

Again, on the same evening another banquet at the same hotel, this time with all the officers and delegates as guests, and only outsiders putting up the \$3.00 per cover required. The viands, in order served were:

#### MENU

Hearts of Celery	Radishes	Queen Olives
Roast Stuffed Spring Chicken, Giblet Sauce		
Candied Yams	Early June Peas in Cases	
Head Lettuce and Sliced Tomatoes		
Thousand Isle Dressing		
Ice Cream		Cake
	Demi Tasse	
	Mints	

#### TOASTS

TOASTMASTER, Percy W. Ligon.		
Mrs. M. M. Simmons, Official Interpreter		
Our "Boosters"		H. C. Anderson
	Nothing Great Without Enthusiasm	
Ideal Citizen		Mayor James L. Key
Good Christians	Good Citizens—James Webster	
The Fraternal Spirit		F. P. Gibson
	Man to Man a Friend and Brother—Meredith	
Frats—North		A. H. Norris
	North and South Clasp Hands—Horace Greeley	
Frats—East		A. L. Pach
	The Golden Window of the East—Shakespeare	
Frats—West		Leo C. Williams
	Great Empire of the West—Abraham Coles	
Frats—South		J. H. McFarlane
	The Warm South—Keats	

The Nads . . . . . Dr. Olof Hanson  
 All Your Strength is in Your Union—Longfellow  
 The Auxiliary Frats . . . . . Dr. J. H. Cloud  
 A Ministering Angel, My Sister—Shakespeare  
 SOLO DANCE . . . . . MAXIME MORRIS

The speeches were excellent all through, as may be judged from the names on the list, and at the very end, and before Miss Morris entertained with her charming divertissement, Grand Secretary Gibson got the surprise of his life when he was presented with the largest, costliest and most beautiful loving cup that has ever featured within the memory of the present writer. There are times when Mr. Gibson is one of the most effective, finest and convincing of orators, and times when he can't say a word, and this was one of the times when he was literally deaf and dumb.

An orchestra came in at this point and furnished music for the followers of Terpsichore when the tables were cleared away, and soon all the floor space of the Hotel Ansley's Roof Garden was given over to the dancers.

Thursday was a real holiday for every one. On other days, while the Frats worked, the visitors had entertainment provided for them, but Thursday's outing was for all, and at eight in the morning, six special trolley cars took the party to Stone Mountain, sixteen miles away, and a real wonder in its way, being a solid block of granite a mile high, and eight miles in circumference at its base. The climb, up and down, takes two hours; most everybody took the climb, and a very few decided to sit at the base and watch the climbers. After twelve o'clock the trip had been made, and once more the trolleys were boarded and this time they took us through another section of country to Lakewood Park, where most of us had our first view of the preparations for a barbecue. Four hundred took part in the feast, and the affair cost the Local Committee an even \$1200. After viewing the trenches where the carcasses of calves, sheep, etc., were being roasted the crowd assembled in a large building nearby where the feast was spread on long tables, the guests eating standing up.

Besides the roasted meats, there was salads, sandwiches and similar dainties and plenty of bottles of soft drinks, in the production of which Atlanta beats creation. Lakewood Park is part of the Atlanta Exposition and State Fair Grounds, and has a Concy Island annex, besides, just below it is Atlanta's wonderful ostrich farm, with over a hundred birds on view.

Just before the business session adjourned on Friday, some mysterious packages were unpacked, and in a few moments, two hundred heads were covered with red fezzes, which were a preliminary to the doings of the evening, when all members of the order gathered at Taft Hall, and an evening was given over to all the festivities that have become part and parcel of a so-called "smoker," which not only includes the burning up of hundreds of prime Havanas, but also includes the initiation of a big class of locals and non-residents who do all the stunts the program calls for, and some that it doesn't, and Brother Norris, of Indianapolis, showed the new installation and other rituals, as well as much new paraphernalia that subordinate divisions will soon be making use of. All this part over, came a march to the dining section where hot-dogs and cold more or less near beer was passed around in ample quantities.

Another entertainment, in which delegates and visitors shared, was in being guests of the Atlanta Women's Club, which owns a beautiful mansion on Peachtree Street, used entirely as a club-house, by leaders in society and women's work generally. The mansion is a show place in itself, and is filled with treasures, with many fine paintings adorning its walls, and objets de art to enhance the "hominess," of the club, and rich furnishings that give it the ap-

pearance of being the home of some wealthy and cultured Georgian, rather than the headquarters of Atlanta's leaders in all that pertains to the welfare of women. Officers of the organization received the deaf guests, and after a floor to floor inspection of the club, other members of the club presided at the tables where refreshments were served. It was an unusual, and a unique compliment to the deaf visitors, and it was the first time within my knowledge that the wealthy and cultured element had ever taken up a convention of the deaf, and made them honored guests. In the receiving line the ladies got a glimpse of the visitor's badge, and learned from where the visitor hailed, and had something nice to say of the home town that made the visitor feel good. One other remark is apropos here, and that has to do with the local pride of our entertainers. Of course they all think Atlanta the most wonderful place in the world, and you can pay them no higher compliment than to tell them their city is the "New York of the South," unless you tell them, as I did in responding to all the addresses of welcome, that because in the future I was going to refer to my home town as "The Atlanta of the North" that got the glad hand from both Governor Hardwick and Mayor Key, though I will bet they had heard it many times before.

Another big event, though a side issue was the

### Special Meeting

#### National Association of the Deaf

BAPTIST TABERNACLE, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 14  
 7:30 O'CLOCK

INVOCATION . . . . . Rev. J. W. Michaels  
 FRATERNAL GREETING . . . . . L. B. Dickerson  
 President of the Georgia State Branch  
 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER . . . . . Mrs. J. H. McFarlane  
 and Mrs. W. E. Gholdston  
 FOR A GREATER N. A. D. . . . . Dr. J. H. Cloud  
 President of the National Association  
 FRATERNISM—THE N. A. D. and THE N. F. S. D. . . . .  
 F. P. Gibson, Grand Secretary of the N. F. S. D.  
 "NAD-FRATITIES" . . . . . "Jimmy" Meagher  
 (Tune, Marching Through Georgia)  
 WHAT THE N. A. D. STANDS FOR; WHY YOU SHOULD  
 STAND BY IT . . . . . A. L. Roberts  
 Sec. Treas. of the National Association  
 SNAP SHOTS OF FORMER CONVENTIONS . . . . . A. L. Pach  
 THE N. A. D. IN DIXIE . . . . . Rev. S. M. Freeman  
 ATLANTA—1923 (N. A. D. Convention Song)  
 L. B. DICKERSON, Chm. . . . . MRS. C. L. JACKSON, Sec.  
 Atlanta—1923—N. A. D.

While in recent years, or at least since Colorado Springs, there has always been a "Frat" night at each N. A. D. meeting, this was the first time a N. A. D. meeting had been arranged for a Frat week conclave, but unfortunately it was not fixed for a time when the working part of the Convention might attend, but despite that it was a rousing success, and as the writer was only present for a short time, the detail had better be left to Dr. Cloud, the President of the N. A. D., who was on the speakers list.

Speaking of Atlanta local pride, it went further in many manifestations than anything in any previous experience of mine. One of the visitors from New England went down by sea, and three hatless days in the sunshine made him so seriously blind that medical attention was an immediate necessity on his arrival at Atlanta, and one of the local committee directed him to a prominent physician, who, after several visits and treatments reduced the swollen eyes to normal, and then the patient asked for his bill, but the M.D. told him he was only too glad to be of service to a delegate to the Convention of the Deaf, and could not take any pay under the circumstances.

The Piedmont Hotel is located in the center of the city, and a few steps away, one may stand and right in the heart of the white light district look down on the three



principal streets, Peachtree, Marietta and Whitehall, though the three names may not be given in the proper order. They are unique in that they branch out like the three fingers of ones hand. Sometimes there is a traffic policeman there, and sometimes there isn't, and on such occasions as when there is no guardian, threading one's way through is a harder proposition, than doing a similar stunt at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. Johnny Roach, of Philadelphia, was the first one to take me up to view the triple thoroughfare, and when I suggested it as a novelty to a westerner, he gladly went, at the same time suggesting that before the days of the 18th amendment he had seen a great many more than three streets at one time, and all close together. And just because it fits in, and because Atlanta people do not know anything on the subject, I want to say that Atlanta is very far from being under the dry ban, and very many times wetter than Detroit. As a matter of fact, Detroit was an absolute Sahara.

The chain gang, with white and black prisoners alike, is a frequent street sight down South where it is a rarity in the North. Road building, and there was a great deal of it going on, is all done by prisoners in broad stripes, attended by watchful guards with rifles at their shoulders.

Atlanta's business men had their own welcomes for the Frats, and some of the business places bore greetings to the N. F. S. D. in their window displays. The Piedmont Hotel, in addition to a fine showing of bunting, had, as its main display, an illuminated welcome sign, with the initials "N. F. S. D."

Besides the presentation of the cup to Grand Secretary Gibson, a fund of several hundred dollars was raised to purchase gold watches for Grand President Anderson and Grand Treasurer Rowse, which will be enduring mementos of the Atlanta meeting to these gentlemen. Returning North from Atlanta, the New York bound delegates started a testimonial to the Second Grand Vice-President, who was also presented with a pipe in the shape of a carved alligator by one of the Atlanta boys.

The July issue told of a glorious trip to Atlanta from New York to Savannah by sea, and from that city to Atlanta via Central Georgia Railway, but at the last moment it was deemed wiser to have the party go ahead through by rail, in order to make sure that the half fare returning might be realized, and as this might hinge on just a few certificates below the number required, it was not thought right to compel hundreds of people to pay full fare returning home through any fault or selfishness of the delegates who went from and through New York, so arrangements were made with the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and though the party was a relatively small proposition for a big Trunk line, General Eastern Passenger Agent Murdock and New York City Passenger Agent Hoffman immediately took up the preliminaries, arranging for two private Pullman coaches, the purchase of all tickets and securing certificates, thus making it easier for the party to arrange for a sixty-hour rail journey than purchasing an "elevated" ticket for a five cent ride. Then, when the party was ready to begin the trip, Mr. Murdock personally saw them off and Mr. Hoffman went along to see that the trip should be made in comfort and neither train nor Pullman conductor bothered the passengers, for Mr. Hoffman acted as both and supervised the work of the Pullman porters. The special left the Pennsylvania terminal in New York at noon, and soon most of the party were enjoying the good things of a Penna Dining Car, and a stop at Trenton added the publisher of this magazine to the crowd. Washington was reached at five in the afternoon,

and the second Pullman began to fill up, and with further accessions at Richmond we had a very large Saturday night party on the train. From New York to the Capitol, of course is Pennsylvania territory, and from Washington to Richmond is the line of the Richmond Fredericksburg and Potomac Railway, but our taste of Seaboard Line hospitality begun after leaving Washington, and many little extra courtesies were shown us from this time on; an instance being when the S. A. L. dining car conductor went through his car just before we reached Quantico, with a written message as to the interest of the next stopping place, and how it figured in war times as a base for the United States Marine Corps.

Raleigh, the Capitol of North Carolina, is passed while all hands are asleep, and at seven next morning when they had assembled in the dining car for their breakfast, Southern Pines was reached and all had as good a view of the famous North Carolina resort as the car window affords. We were still eleven hours this side of our destination, with the train running over rails that were just south-west of a corner of Tennessee. Soon we enter Georgia, which, bear in mind, is the largest state east of the Mississippi, and pass through many of its important towns, and view the unending farms and plantations, and towards six in the evening we begin to see those infallible signs that a large city is growing nearer, and finally we enter the Union Station and are given the glad hand of welcome and taken, by auto-bus to the Piedmont.

The arrangements for the sea trip were not made in vain, for five men, and one young woman enjoyed the voyage hugely, and were loud in their praises of all the extra provisions made for their comfort and to enhance the pleasures of the trip, and a large party returned over that route. It was John A. Roach, of Philadelphia, who had run down to New Orleans after the Atlanta meeting adjourned, and failing to get a north bound ship from that point, he wired to Savannah and caught the City of Montgomery, and her officers showed him the same attention they had bestowed on the south bound sextet two weeks before.

Representatives of the Fox Pictorial News were at the scene of the Barbecue and photographed the party enjoying the feast, and afterwards took President Anderson and Secretary Gibson in a scene telling each other what a great place Atlanta was, but it wasn't my good fortune to see these pictures shown on the screen at any of the movie houses I patronize, and I am wondering if they were shown anywhere.

In its rotogravure Sunday Supplement, the Sunday following adjournment, the Atlanta Journal published the photograph of the whole convention, and also a group of the N. F. S. D. officers taken with Governor Hardwick and Mayor Key, the first time that a Convention of the Deaf has achieved this distinction.

There are two hearing people who should be mentioned with honor in connection with any story of the meeting. One is Mrs. M. W. Simmons, a daughter of Rev. S. M. Freeman, veteran educator of the deaf, and still a comparatively young man now taking life relatively easier than the hard grind of the school room, while keeping youthful in the role of clergyman to the Methodist deaf of the South.

Mrs. Simmons is one of those young women born of deaf parents who shed lustre and radiance by their devotion, and make up in loving care for their parents' deprivation, what would otherwise be a hardship in life is turned into joy. All over our land are children of deaf people

who learn the language of the deaf so thoroughly that they are at home in an assemblage of the deaf, and make the deaf feel at home when they interpret spoken words. The condition of being deaf, and in greater measure that of deafness and dumbness as well, is brought to an irreducible minimum when parents have children of the right type. Great assemblages of the deaf have come to know many of them, but the greater majority are unknown outside their home circle, but when it is given to them to shine, they always acquit themselves with honor and usually with glory as well, and those of the deaf who have not had their lives hallowed and mellowed with this type of offspring have it brought home to them how much they miss in life, and how much of the sharp edge is left unsmoothed for them.

At the opening reception, and at the banquet in particular, Mrs. Simmons was wonderfully effective as a translator of spoken speech, and her personality only enhanced the picture she made as a speaker. Her great regret in life seems to be that in her travels over the continent to California, and her residence in a number of cities where the duties of her husband, a Telephone Company executive, she has not met as many deaf people as she would have liked to. Mrs. Simmons was coaxed to pose in the photograph of the Frat officers, and the welcoming officials, so the Silent Worker is fortunate in being able to portray her features.

One of Atlanta's best known men is Mr. F. W. Cruesselle, who is also in the photograph, and who was one of the speakers at the banquet. He was one of the leaders in the movement to establish a school for the deaf in Atlanta, and besides having practically mastered the sign language, he has endowed a bed in a hospital where the deserving deaf may find medical care and attention if they are unable to pay, and in many other ways has shown a loving and practical interest in the deaf. I only wish every city in this country had a F. W. Cruesselle.

The matter of salary adjustment, while carried out in accordance with what was deemed proper limits of increase, was far from satisfactory, even with the saving made in several directions. The staff of Vice-Presidents which was increased from three to six at Philadelphia in 1918, was again reduced to three, and while some of the resulting expense saved us might have been turned to the benefit of the ill paid Trustees, or to some other deserving item, or even to the Vice-Presidents, themselves though they all regard their work as being largely a labor of love, this wasn't done either. Trustees do a valuable work, yet they ungrudgingly put in long hours as headquarters in Chicago, doing auditing that would bring them large returns if they had another employer they feel amply repaid with their little salary checks of \$6.25 every three months, which pays their street-car fares at least, but four times what they get would be little enough.

At a Frat Convention, Vice-Presidents are benched pretty much as the extra men on a baseball team, particularly the pinch-hitters, for they all get their turn at the gavel when the President is called away, or is in Committee, and they serve as assistants to the Secretary and the Treasurer as well, but while they have a vote on every ballot, unwritten law, or custom compels them, and the other Grand Officers as well, to avoid the platform as far as possible, and let the elected delegates make the pleas for changes, motions, resolutions, etc. I suppose the idea is that they must be neutral in all matters till the will of the grand body is decided, and then they abide by it.

Taken all in all, Atlanta makes a glorious and lasting

memory for those fortunate enough to have been present, and it was not only the best and biggest Frat affair ever held, but it was as big a success as some of the National Association meetings, hardly comparable with the overwhelming Detroit Hurrah, but one that does not suffer by comparison with other famous meetings. Atlanta's deaf people have a strong hold on the affections of their fellow citizens, and they had the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce, and other important bodies, and with all this extraneous assistance, it was relatively easier for the local committee to do the good work than similar bodies have had in the past. But the good that accrues will be to the National Association of the Deaf when they go there in 1923. They will enjoy all that the Frats did and a great deal more. As a business meeting of the N. F. S. D. it served to show what a smooth running machine the great organization is, and how unselfishly all who are affiliated sink every desire for personal profit that the good of the order, and the greatest good to the greatest number shall always be kept as the highest endeavor, and at the same time preserve the cardinal virtue of Fraternity, as taught by the "W. A. E." on its emblem.

### ARE YOU DISCOURAGED?

Remember this:

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the Legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent 17 years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

Entering politics again he ran for Congress and was badly defeated.

He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice Presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

—Pratorian Guard.

### LET GEORGE DO IT

There are two classes of people in the world, Workers and Shirkers. There are those who recognize their responsibilities, take them on like honest folk, and do their bit. And there are those who slide out of everything they can. The shirkers flatter themselves that they are having an easy time, because they "let George do it." They are not. They are simply saving up contempt and trouble for themselves. For every conscientious person who is doing the square thing and carrying his share as the world's burden there are probably half a dozen who are hanging on to his coat-tails. But he has the satisfaction of not being ashamed of himself when he looks into the glass. Self-respect and the knowledge that you are earning your salt is worth more than all the prizes of luck and favor.—Dr. Frank Crane.

An Irishman and an Englishman were recounting feats of physical prowess. The Englishman, by way of showing his strength, said that he was accustomed to swim across the Thames three times before breakfast every morning.

"Well," said the Irishman, "that may be alright, but it do seem to me that your clothes would be on the wrong side of the river all the time."

## ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

By DR. J. H. CLOUD



THE Twelfth Triennial Convention of the Illinois Association of the Deaf was held in the State Chamber of the State Capitol at Springfield, August 10-13. The attendance was quite representative and larger than expected. If there was anything lacking in numbers, it was more than made good in quality. The attendance was augmented considerably on the social side by some fifty visiting delegates from St. Louis who came both by auto and trolley. The Local Committee, mindful of the old adage about all work and no play, had provided an ample supply of effective antidote for dullness which it proceeded to administer in liberal doses, even before the actual work of the convention began. An informal reception at hotel St. Nicholas, the convention headquarters, was held on the evening of the 10th; a reception with dancing at Washington Park Pavilion on the evening of the 11th; a banquet at the St. Nicholas on the evening of the 12th; an auto sight-seeing tour on the following morning; a picnic with bathing privileges at Bunn Park in the afternoon, with a smoker by the Springfield Division N. A. D. for the Frats and a reception at the palatial residence of the hospitable Mrs. W. L. Van Lewis for the ladies and non Frats in the evening. The next day, Sunday, was marked by services in local churches by visiting clergy, four of whom were in attendance at the convention.

The Local Committee which did such efficient work for the social side of the convention was composed of Jefferson Sidles, Chairman; Edward Heber, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. and Mrs. John Otto, Misses Vinna Rich, Evelyn Irwin, Messrs. R. B. Redlich, Harry Lohmeir, Carl Schurman, William Bullock and Mrs. Edna Ruby.

The popular rendezvous of convention visitors during the odd moments between sessions and at other times was the "Silent Smoke Shop" of Mr. R. B. Redlich, who has conducted a prosperous business in tobacco and soft-drinks for a number of years. The shop is located about mid-way between the Capitol and the hotels and so well known and popular has Mr. Redlich become that few pass his attractive and well stocked emporium without going in to satisfy a craving. Mr. Redlich is a bachelor and it is a serious reflection on the charms and wiles of the feminine species of the human race that no one of them has yet acquired a legal right to help him figure out his income tax.

The business sessions of the convention were presided over by President A. G. Rodenberger, of East St. Louis. He was on the job at all hours and saw to it that the sessions opened promptly at the advertised time. Mr. L. S. Cherry, of Chicago, officiated as secretary and nothing worth while escaped his notice. The long parade of membership badges bore ample testimony of the fact that the efficient treasurer, Mrs. B. J. Frank, was busy, very busy, a fact borne out by the report she subsequently made.

Mr. D. W. George, veteran teacher at the State School at Jacksonville, took an active part in the convention, served as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, toast-master at the banquet and drew "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" from his repertoire of patriotic songs and rendered them in clear and forceful signs at the opening of business sessions.

The following officers were elected to serve during the next three years: A. J. Rodenberger, East St. Louis, President; S. R. Burns, Jacksonville, 1st Vice-President; L. S. Cherry, Chicago, Secretary; Mrs. B. J. Frank, Chicago, Treasurer. All officers were elected by acclamation, a sure indication of the harmonious spirit which characterized the convention. Mr. Rodenberger, Mr. Cherry and Mrs. Frank were re-elected. There is a possibility of the next convention, to be held in 1924, going to Rock Island.

The sight-seeing tour was made in autos, donated by citizens of Springfield. It included a visit to the Lincoln monument, a brief program at the entrance of the vault, and the placing of a beautiful large wreath from "The Illinois Association of the Deaf" on Lincoln's tomb. Brief addresses were made by President Cloud of the National Association and President Rodenberger of the State Association. The Rev. Mr. Flick, of All Angels Church, Chicago, offered prayer. Dr. Cloud's address follows:

"We are gathered here to-day on sacred ground,—at the tomb of the immortal Lincoln. As we stand here before this noble monument we see passing before us, in silent mental review, the panorama of stirring events of the time that tried men's souls,—in the midst of which stands Lincoln—calm, patient, humble, god-fearing, wise, strong and merciful.

The fame of Lincoln is a growing fame. It, long since, passed beyond the confines of his home-land and into every civilized country. It has become the inspiration of youth and the hope of manhood. No mortal man has ever wielded a stronger or a more uplifting influence in behalf of human rights and human freedom and in behalf of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" than Lincoln.

Lincoln's humble birth, his early struggles, his moral rectitude, his unswerving integrity, his noble aspirations, his genial personality, his sense of humor and his unfailing trust in God are among the priceless heritages he has left to the world.

The Deaf have special reasons for holding Lincoln in grateful remembrance. At a time when our country was torn by civil war, and our Government was staggering under the heavy burden of debt which the conflict entailed, a bill to establish the "National Deaf-Mute College," now Gallaudet College, at Washington, was unanimously passed by both Houses of Congress and was signed by President Lincoln on April 8th, 1846. To this day, Gallaudet college has remained the only institution in the world expressly dedicated to the higher education of the Deaf.

It is fitting, therefore, that we of the Illinois Association of the Deaf, meeting in Twelfth Triennial Convention in the city of Springfield, where Lincoln lived and where he lies buried, should place here upon his tomb this wreath as an humble testimonial of our loving appreciation and heartfelt gratitude."

The Program Committee, composed of the Rev. G. F. Flick, Chairman, Miss A. M. Roper, B. F. Frank and E. W. Heber, succeeded in providing a business program that was exceptionally good. Speakers unable to use the sign-language were helped over the difficulty by two unexcelled interpreters,—Miss Pearl Herdman and Miss Grace Hasenstab. They interpreted both ways, bridging the gulf between the silent and noisy worlds in a manner highly satisfactory to all concerned. One thing is certain: the sign-language will be flourishing long after its opponents, critics and censors have been forgotten. The various clubs, guilds, state and alumni associations, the N. A. D., the N. F. S. D., the missions and churches for the Deaf will see to that.

Hon. C. E. Jenks, manager of the Chamber of Commerce, welcomed the delegates in behalf of the city while Mr. Jefferson Sidles performed a similar task in behalf of the local Deaf. Mr. S. Robey Burns responded in behalf of the visitors. Judge C. H. Jenkins, Director of the Department of Public Welfare, to which Department the State School for the Deaf at present belongs, addressed the convention on the "Value of an Ideal." Hon. W. H. H. Miller, Director of the Department of Registration and Education, was unable to be present but sent a brief address on "Citizenship" from which the following excerpt is taken:

"The heights of your attainments in the citizenship of the State of Illinois deserves the highest commendation. It is true that you are deprived of certain attainments in the development of your being that thousands have a natural opportunity of attaining. Your attainments in the discipline of your education mark a very high standard of efficiency. Your inclination to build the best citizenship for the community, State and Na-



## Twelfth Triennial Convention of the Illinois Association of the Deaf



HELD IN THE STATE CHAMBER OF THE STATE CAPITOL, AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 10-13, 1921

The photograph was taken in front of the Capitol Building and the Statue of Abraham Lincoln can be plainly seen in the rear center of the group. The Illinois School for the Deaf at Jacksonville ranks among the largest and best schools for the deaf in the country, and has turned out many well educated deaf people who have become prominent in the affairs of the deaf of this country.

tion, is to be highly appreciated by the citizenship of the State. You have my most profound wishes for your great advancement in personal welfare and State Citizenship."

The address of Miss Grace Hasenstab on "Social Work at the State School" followed the same general line as her address before the National Association of the Deaf a year previous and printed on pages 33-36 of the proceedings of the Detroit Convention. It was interesting and instructive throughout,—all the more so because of the exquisite facility with which Miss Hasenstab uses the sign-language.

The Association unanimously approved resolutions: (1) Favoring the transfer of the State School for the Deaf from the Department of Public Welfare to the same classification given the educational institutions of the State; (2) upholding the combined system of instruction and condemning the use of any single method for all deaf children,—the oral method especially; (3) censoring any one as being no friend of the deaf who would seek to make the sign language a "dead language" or eradicate it as a "weed language;" (4) favoring the establishment of labor bureau for the deaf; (5) urging the suppression of imposters, hearing persons preying upon the public under the guise of deafness; (6) commending the State for raising the salaries of teachers and for making provisions for the pensioning of teachers advancing in years; (7) recommending that elderly teachers take their pensions and retire thereby making room for younger and abler instructors; (8) commending the administration of Mr. H. T. White, Managing Officer of the State School, and recommending his continuance in that capacity. The usual vote of thanks included Misses Herdman and Hasenstab for their services as interpreters, the retiring officers, and all others who had, in any way, contributed to the business and social programs.

Dr. J. S. Cloud, President of the National Association of the Deaf, by special invitation addressed the convention at some length on the history, accomplishments and the objectives of the National Association. He complimented the Illinois Association upon its being the first state organization to become officially affiliated with the National Association. He ventured the prediction that at no distant day every State Association will be affiliated with the N. A. D. He urged the formation of N. A. D. Branches in each of the larger centers of population and the gathering in of memberships in the Association, especially of life memberships. He spoke of the plans underway for the coming N. A. D. convention in Atlanta, in 1923, and expressed the hope that all present would be able to attend.

Mr. H. T. White, Managing Officer of the State School for the Deaf at Jacksonville, addressed the convention concerning "Some Things That Are Needed in Teaching the Deaf Children of Illinois." Among the many graduates and former pupils of the State School present, Mr. White found a responsive audience and his remarks were frequently applauded. Mr. White was a new man in educational work among the deaf, three years ago. He has made good as head of the State School and has the solid backing of the Deaf of the State to succeed himself for another term.

Mr. White has made considerable progress in the study of the sign-language during the comparatively short time he has been at the head of the State School, but he did not feel equal to the task of giving an address in signs of the length and scope of the topic assigned him, so he asked Miss Hasenstab to interpret. In the introductory part of his address, Mr. White said: "I want to say personally, I have come within the last three years, since I have been at the school for the deaf, to have a very firm conviction of the use of the sign-language for the deaf. I believe in it and I want to learn it." [Applause.]

Mr. White referred to the State School as being both a school and a home. Upon entering the work, he was told that the deaf were so much different from other people. He said he did not believe it then and was sure it is not true now and that the deaf are just like other people.

Referring to methods of teaching the deaf, Mr. White said: "It seems to me that it would be absurd to think of any one method of teaching the deaf as being the only method. There are different methods of teaching the deaf because there are different needs with different pupils." Mr. White told of what was being done to emphasize the home and social life at the State School and to provide for proper religious instruction of the pupils in conformity with expressed wishes of their parents. He, especially, commended the results which have attended the employment of a field worker to look up deaf children who ought to be in school. A new record for attendance at the State School is expected because of the effectiveness of such efforts and the application of the compulsory attendance law. What Mr. White said was being done at the State School in the way of physical training and athletics made the old boys and girls wish to go back expressly for that sort of training. Mr. White extolled the advantages of having a good moving picture machine for the showing of educational films—something the school was introduced to soon after his appointment.

Referring to the employment of the deaf at the State School, Mr. White expressed himself as follows:

"I believe, I can say honestly that the best workers we have had at the School are the deaf people themselves. They are conscientious, they are energetic, they get up and go when the time comes; they are right on hand when they should be on hand; they do their work and then quit. As long as I have anything to do with the employment of people at the School for the Deaf, I shall undertake to employ deaf people, not because it is a charitable thing at all, but because it pays me to do it. Not employ them because I am afraid they could not get employment anywhere else, but employ them because they do the work better."

Departing from the question of employment and proceeding, Mr. White added: "Abraham Lincoln, in his Gettysburg speech, said, in substance at least, that this is a 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people.' I think he could have said just as truly that the problems in teaching the deaf are problems of the deaf, by the deaf, and for the deaf. I think that the administration of the schools for the deaf, in the State of Illinois, should be very largely governed at least by the influence of the deaf people themselves. They know what they want and they should undertake to get what they want. It is perfectly proper that they should have what they want in the way of teaching the deaf. In other words, the deaf people, and especially, of course, the educated deaf people in the state of Illinois, are perfectly capable of doing their own thinking, so I would like to know, as managing officer of the school,—I would like to know all the time what the people want. If I do things over there that are not as they should be, I will deem it a privilege if you will call my attention to the things that should be changed. I do not expect, of course, that you will be continually complaining about things, not that you do not expect to be complaining about things, but I would like to know what the deaf people want. It seems to me that it is perfectly fair to me, that you should tell me what you want. I assure you I am there very largely for the purpose of doing what you want done. If there should be a conflict of opinion between your way and my way of thinking we will have to iron that out; but I would like to know what you want at the school for the deaf."

Mr. White then proceeded to tell of some things he wanted, giving first place to the desire that the elderly teachers should take their pensions of \$400 and retire for their own as well as for the children's sake. With the salary at \$1300 for the first year and an annual increase up to \$2000 after eight year's service the retirement of the elderly teachers would enable the school to acquire a corps of the finest teachers in the United States.

A discussion of labor matters and working conditions as affecting the deaf is always timely, interesting and highly instructive and most appropriately fits into the columns of THE SILENT WORKER. Any one who has taken the trouble to in-

vestigate the subject and has information to give is assured of an interested audience or reader. Mr. William R. Rodenberger, brother of President A. J. Rodenberger, of the Illinois Association, having made a study of the matter, was invited to address the Springfield Convention on "What is Needed to Produce Better Economic Conditions for the Deaf."

While Mr. Rodenberger's address, together with the appended discussion, takes up considerable space, as stenographically reported, it is practical, suggestive, and of such general application and interest that any attempt at condensation is deemed inadvisable.

#### WHAT IS NEEDED TO PROCURE BETTER ECONOMIC CONDITIONS FOR THE DEAF.

ADDRESS BY MR. WILLIAM R. RODENBERGER.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Some weeks ago, when I was asked to take part in this program, I selected as my topic, "What is Needed to Procure Better Economic Conditions for the Deaf in Illinois." I had given considerable thought to this problem and gladly availed myself of the opportunity to come here and give my views.

I think you will all agree that the position of the deaf in industry in Illinois is not satisfactory. It is becoming more and more difficult to obtain employment in the State of Illinois. It is becoming more and more necessary for the deaf in Illinois to go elsewhere to seek employment. That is a sad commentary on a great state like Illinois.

Up to the point of educating our deaf, we are all right. There is no state in the Union that ranks ahead of the State of Illinois in educating its deaf boys and girls, but after spending 230 to 250 thousand dollars every year maintaining a school here which supplements our Public School system, providing an education for the deaf children, which they cannot obtain in the Public Schools of the state, we force our deaf children, after they have grown to manhood and womanhood, to go elsewhere to seek employment.

Why is it possible for from three to four hundred deaf men to get employment from the Goodyear Rubber Company, in Akron, Ohio? Why, if it is possible there, can't they go down to the Aluminum Ore Company of America, and work there, three or four hundred of them? Why can't they go to any of our large industries in this state and get employment, stay at home, live here in the state of their birth, pay taxes here, become citizens of the state of their birth, where their relatives and friends live?

There are two big factors responsible for this condition in Illinois. One of them is lack of information among our employers. The other—and I believe the more serious of the two—is the attitude of your casualty companies under the laws of the State of Illinois, the companies which write liability insurance for the big employers of the state. Under the operation of that law, which is a splendid thing for industry, because it removes the uncertain elements of accident; the employer or large manufacturer knows exactly what the injuries to his employees are going to cost him, because he pays a premium to buy protection from loss. That is a splendid thing for industry, but in its application it is not a splendid thing for the deaf in this state.

These insurance companies, when they underwrite the losses in any given industry in the state, provide a physical test, a physical examination. This test is uniform in all cases. If a man cannot hear, he cannot pass that physical examination and he cannot work in that protected industry. So the operation of this casualty act in this state practically legislates the deaf out of employment in this state so far as the larger industries are concerned.

Now, I know this from personal experience. Some years ago, my brother—you all know him,—was out of work. It was during the panic of 1913; you all recall the time. The Aluminum Ore Company in East St. Louis employed about 3000 men. I personally knew the men who operated that industry. Naturally when my brother couldn't get work I thought all I had to do was to see the Manager of that plant and get him a job. The manager told me that they had liability insurance, that he couldn't employ a man who couldn't hear. Then I wanted to know if it was not possible for him to sign a waiver of damages in case he was injured in his employment. He said he would take it up with the representatives of the Casualty Company. He told me two or three days later that he couldn't do that. Well, if I had studied the proposition at all, I might have known that myself, that the law of Illinois provides that while a man may sign a waiver for himself, our courts have held that he couldn't bind his dependents by such

a paper. If he should get employment in one of those places, sign a waiver of damages, and was killed in the course of his employment, his family could recover. Therefore, the big industries will not employ a deaf man.

There are two remedies to correct this situation in Illinois. One of them is to educate the employer and the other one is to amend the act authorizing the operation of these Casualty Companies to provide that deafness in itself shall not constitute a sufficient disability to bar a man from employment.

Our State Department of Labor, properly functioning, can educate our employers. That can most readily be done by creating a Bureau for the deaf in the State Department of Labor; appointing a man to head that Bureau who is in sympathy with and understands the deaf, and has the confidence of the deaf of the state. It should be his duty to get a census, rather, of all the deaf of the state, find out where they are employed, the conditions of their employment, what particular things they are doing; then to make a study and to find out throughout the industries of the state what occupations are best fitted for the deaf; then to go into other states, study the conditions of the employment of the deaf in those states wherever he can get any information that will help him in his work in this state, and to bring those ideas home to us and apply them here. The right kind of a man at the head of a Bureau of this kind can do wonders in the course of a few years.

The average present manager of a large industry, and otherwise, the average hearing person, has an exaggerated idea of the handicap suffered by a man who is deaf. They do not take into consideration the fact that in case of the deaf their sense of touch and their sense of sight is keener; that they have developed an abnormally fine sense of reaction to vibration, which is a wonderful thing in protection. You all understand better than I do your fine sense of reaction to vibration.

Now, we have statistics from two or three other states where the deaf are getting a square deal, that there are fewer accidents among the deaf in industry relatively than there are among hearing employees in those industries. That is all obvious to you, because you are more careful, because of the very fact of your handicap you must be more careful.

An amendment such as I propose will not work a hardship on the casualty insurance companies of this state and it will certainly go far to provide opportunities for the deaf in employment in the big industries in this state. Now, this program here to open up an opportunity for employment is not a matter of charity. If you adopt this program you are not asking anything that you are not entitled to absolutely as a matter of fairness. You are not asking for a special consideration before the law. You are simply asking that you be placed on an equality with the hearing persons of the state; that is all. That is not special consideration. [Applause.]

Now, I am not in sympathy with the present tendency to look to legislation to correct every evil, minor and major. We have too much of that in our states. We already have too many laws, too much legislation, too much regulation. But, in this instance, there is no remedy open to you, deaf people in the State of Illinois but legislation, because the handicaps you are operating under is the direct result of legislation. So, my idea is for you to go to the legislature with a Bill that we had drawn in 1917. I was here in 1917 for a few months. Dr. Hasenstab and Dr. Cloud came down here to appear before the committee. The committee passed the Bill without a dissenting vote. It passed the Senate without a dissenting vote. It then went to the House, which was late in the session. I believe that we could have put it through the House, but the Governor (Lowden) informed me if I had that Bill passed, he would veto it. He had just passed through the legislature, with the greatest difficulty, his Administrative Code, and he didn't want that Code tampered with, because he said it would open the doors to a lot of other changes and amendment in that system of government, and he didn't want it done at that time. I didn't blame him. He didn't want his work torn down.

But he told me that he could provide for a Bureau for the Deaf in the State Department of Labor, by detailing a man—without any legislation—to do that work. I told him that the detailing simply of a 1400 or 1600 dollar clerk in that place would not be satisfactory, because it would not get the results we were trying to get. As a matter of fact, we had at that time a man selected for that job. We thought that we had a "cracker jack." I think so still. But we didn't succeed in creating the place.

A few weeks after that, I enlisted in the army and was gone for four years. Of course, during that time, I couldn't do much to help you people in the state. I understand, in 1919, a

bureau bill passed the House in a different form, which I did not approve of. I think the original bill, presented in 1917, as passed the Senate, is the bill that you should stand by because it gives you exactly what you want, and what you need. The bureau bill of 1919 passed the House, but it didn't pass the Senate. Now, it is a difficult thing to get a bill through both houses of the Legislature, and then get the approval of the Governor. That is not easy. I know by experience that is not easy. It requires united effort of every member of your Association. You are scattered all over the state. Individually you can reach every member of this Legislature at home where he lives. My idea is that you have these bills prepared and printed, not only bills to correct your economical troubles in the state, but your school bill. Have those bills printed, prepare a brief explaining them, showing the necessity for them, send those bills to each member of your Association, and then go personally to your representative in the House, and to your Senator in the Senate, and explain them to him, and tell him why you want them. He knows you, he lives at home with you. The chances are you know him personally. Do that before the Legislature meets in 1923, then you will have intelligently prepared the ground for action.

Then have some one here in Springfield to push those bills. Have them introduced in the Senate and the House immediately on the convening of the Legislature. Have some one here to push them. The chances are you can have those bills pass the Senate before the House is organized, because the Senate, as a rule, is organized the first day, but it takes the House, sometimes, three or four weeks to organize and have its committees appointed. By that time, if you start soon enough, you can have your bills through the Senate and you will have the whole session in which to work them through the House. I want to tell you it is going to be some job to work those bills through the House. The House is a large, unwieldy body; it is not like the Senate. The real work of the House is done by a very few men. You must get such men in sympathy with those bills or they can't pass the House. That is all there is to it. You must get their sympathy and their active support, or the bills cannot pass, because they will never come to a vote. I had the votes in 1917 on the floor, but I could not get the bill out of the committee; that was the trouble.

I think your idea of enlarging your membership is a splendid one. Interest your relatives and your friends. Make them associate members of your Association. The dues you collect from them will pay your expenses in this fight; and it is a fight to get what you want. And remember in this present-day, complex civilization as we have it here, the only way to get anything is by united effort through a live organization. Look around you on anybody or any crowd with a certain object in view; the only way they can get anything is by organizing and then pulling together until they put over what they want. Draw a lesson from that. That is the only way you can get it. [Applause.]

Now, I know from personal conversation with members of the House and Senate that without exception you will find them in sympathy with what you want, but when you come to amend that casualty insurance law you will find an active and influential lobby of insurance men here fighting that bill. They will fight that bill on general principles. They say it will run up the cost of indemnity insurance so that it will make it burdensome to the employers in the State. Now, that is not true, but they will take that position. We have got to overcome that argument. You must show them that the number of deaf that will be employed in the state, if that amendment is passed, will be so small relatively to the large number engaged in industry in the state, that even if it did run up the cost of insurance, it would be so infinitesimally small, it would not be noticed.

Then you must show them as a matter of fact that it will not increase the cost of liability insurance at all, because you will be able to produce statistics to show that there are relatively fewer accidents among the deaf in industry than there are among hearing persons. But you must be ready to furnish these arguments. You cannot just introduce your bills and sit down at home and wait. We have done that and it did not work.

During the last session, I had hopes I would be able to come up here and devote some time to this work. I found I couldn't do it; I was gone four years and I was back trying to establish myself at home, to get a living for my wife and two children. I couldn't afford it. I did not have the time to come up here and do it. I did come up here twice, but I found the conditions in the House were so chaotic that it did not seem to me we could have a ghost of a chance to do anything this year. It took the House seven weeks to organize, because they had their committees appointed. They wasted two months of the session here. I firmly believe if we had started this year at the beginning of the session and got right after the proposition, with



an active committee here pushing it, we would have fallen down this year. That is my firm conviction after looking over the situation here. You will not have that trouble, I think, in the next Legislature; at least, I hope you will not. In any event, you must do this preliminary work of education among your Representatives and Senators at home; then start immediately when the Legislature meets and get right after them. That is the way to get relief.

Now, the same thing is true of your desire to have your school for the deaf transferred from the Department of Public Welfare to the Department of Education, where it belongs. It is an educational institution. It is merely supplementary to the Public School System of the state; that is all. It is not even a Normal School. It is merely supplemental to the Public School System of the state. In the little town where I was born, Waterloo, there are perhaps four or five deaf children. The town cannot have the facilities to educate four or five deaf children, so the state provides a central school to give the educational facilities of the Public Schools to the deaf children of the State. It is not a charitable institution any more than a public school. So why should it be classed with the correctional and penal institutions? There is no reason for it at all. Now, what I have said about your other bill applies to that bill.

In talking to the Director of the Welfare Department who has charge of the school now, he said he was perfectly willing that the school should be transferred to the Educational Department. He said he thought that is where it should be. I talked to the Director of Education; he said he would favor the proposition. I went to the Legislative Reference Bureau to see what could be done about drafting a bill having the changes made. I find it is a very difficult thing to do. There are so many sections in our laws that must be amended. In order to attempt to remove bodily an institution like that from one department to another, you must amend every section of the statute that refers to that school. That is a difficult thing. It takes a long time to study that out, to get it accurate, to get it complete. They told me it would take two or three weeks to prepare that bill. It was then too late in the session, so I concluded that the best thing would be to drop it. There was no hope of getting it through that session, as it was too late.

I noticed in the Springfield Register yesterday an editorial expressing sympathy for the objects of your Association here, and pledging support to get through any necessary legislation to accomplish what you want. Now, that is a start. [Applause.] That newspaper is published right here in the State capital. We know now what the sentiment of the editor of that paper is. When the time comes you can get publicity, you can get editorial backing from that paper while the Legislature is in session. That is going to be worth a great deal.

I am at a loss just what to say to you about my own efforts in your behalf. I am disappointed, and I feel that it has been a disappointment to you, but as I explained a while ago, it was impossible for me to get up here during this past session and do anything. Now, I know that my brother was terribly disappointed, too, because we didn't get the desired results. He was too sanguine. He was very optimistic, you all know that, and he looked for different results this past session. We didn't get them, and I never did feel that we could get them, but I didn't want to discourage him right at the start. But it did not surprise me at all that we got no results this year, because I could not see, under the circumstances, without anybody here to look after things, how we could get anything. We had a very active friend in the Senate in Senator Swift, of Libertyville. Senator Swift introduced the bureau bill in 1917, and actively got behind it, not only in the Senate chamber, but he went to the House and interviewed the members of the house, the members of the committee which had charge of the bill, and the chairman of that committee. He did everything possible to get that bill through the House. Now that is an active friend when you have a man like that. There is no doubt that you can get active support, not only from Senator Swift but from a dozen senators, and from a dozen to fifteen or twenty members of the House.

I would like to ask if there are any questions from the delegates as to this program; anything you would like to know that I haven't touched upon.

MR. FLICK: Cannot the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf with its records available at the Home Office in Chicago help this State Association to show the casualty companies that they will not be hurt by this contemplated legislation? The N. F. S. D. carries accident benefits and has statistics to show that the deaf employes meet with comparatively few accidents.

MR. RODENBERGER: That is a very good idea. The State organization should get those statistics. That is what we want.

MR. FLICK: In Illinois and also other states, the State Insurance Commission has such statistics printed and on file.

MR. RODENBERGER: A department of the state?

MR. FLICK: No, the insurance companies. I don't know if the law of the state in connection with fraternal societies will allow us to carry casualty insurance or not. Do you know if companies which issue employers liability insurance recognize fraternal insurance associations?

MR. RODENBERGER: Does your Fraternal Society furnish accident insurance?

MR. FLICK: Yes. Would it help in the matter of obtaining work if every deaf person would show his fraternal insurance certificate to the employer?

MR. RODENBERGER: No. The policy which the Casualty Company writes for a given industry is a blanket policy. It covers every employee; and a fraternal insurance certificate would not relieve the Casualty Company from paying the losses if a deaf employe was injured.

A DELEGATE: On life and health insurance we can show that they charge the deaf more than they do others.

MR. RODENBERGER: That is why you have your own.

A DELEGATE: It is wrong, but they do it.

MR. RODENBERGER: I think the simplest remedy is to amend the law so as to remove the restrictions on the deaf when they come to apply for employment. That is the simplest remedy.

MR. FLICK: If any plans are made to carry that through the legislature, better get in touch with the office of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, in Chicago. It will be glad to furnish any statistics. There are five thousand members in the Society.

MR. RODENBERGER: That is the National?

MR. FLICK: That is the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. That is our own insurance organization. I will go to Chicago and notify headquarters about the situation and see what they can do.

MR. RODENBERGER: Yes, you can get a lot of statistics there; you must have them. Are there any questions?

MR. FLICK: In connection with the labor department for the deaf, do you think it is a good idea to have this state in charge of it? In Chicago, in the thirteen years that I have lived there, I can't remember of many cases of deaf people coming to me and asking me to get them a job—only one or two that I can recall, but there are lots of deaf people that come from other states to Chicago to get jobs, and other deaf workers help them to jobs in establishments where they happen to be employed. Dr. Hasenstab says his experience has been about the same as mine. There are very few cases where the deaf apply to the clergy to help them find jobs. There are cases of other kinds of trouble, but few asking for jobs. They ask for advice. They have little trouble about employers refusing them work. In Minnesota, they have a labor bureau for the deaf in the state department of labor. I go to Minnesota every month and I meet with the deaf people. There is a lady who has charge of the bureau. She tells me she has difficulty in finding employment for the deaf and in educating employers up to the point of employing deaf workers. Many of the deaf come to her and say they have difficulty in getting work in Minnesota, and they need a supervisor for that work. But in Chicago that does not seem to be necessary at present.

The Chicago League of the Hard of Hearing has a large membership. Its members are deaf as we are. Among them are people who lost their hearing after they have grown to manhood. Such people find it hard to adjust themselves to their new conditions and they need to be helped in securing jobs. They have a hard time and need help. But while the average deaf person educated in a school for the deaf may need this help throughout the state, I hardly think it is necessary in Chicago. People write and ask me if the deaf have any special employment agency. I tell them the deaf in Chicago don't need anything like that. We have no labor bureau for the deaf, but the League of the Hard of Hearing see the need of one. I meet with people who come to my church, people who have lost their hearing when they were 40 or 50 years old, and who have lost their jobs. They need help in the matter of finding employment. Those who lose their hearing after they have reached adult life find it hard for them to adjust themselves to their new environment, and they really do need an employment bureau.

MR. RODENBERGER: My idea about the operation of that bureau would be to improve the condition of the deaf in employment. You will find a great many deaf employed who are making a living, a bare living. By the proper application of the information that can be secured by this bureau, their condition can be improved. They can be put in more gainful occupations. They can be placed where their work will be pleasanter, and where they can make more money than they are now making. It is not a question of being employed; that is not the idea, but of being congenially employed, to the capacity of the man who is seeking employment. If he is capable of doing



LOCAL COMMITTEE ILLINOIS STATE ASSOCIATION SPRINGFIELD CONVENTION AUGUST 10-14, 1921

Top row: Thos. J. Sidles, Chairman; R. Redlich, Wm. Van Lewis, E. W. Heber, Secretary & Treasurer;  
 Middle: Mrs. C. Schurman, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. J. Otto, Miss Evelyn Irwin, Mrs. Gedney, Mrs. Wm. Ruby  
 Bottom: John Otto, Vice-Chairman; Carl Schurman, Harry Lohmeier.

better and more remunerative work, get him that job for which he is best fitted. I believe that in the course of four or five years you can raise the standard of the employment of the deaf in the state very materially, if we can have the right kind of a man at the head of such a bureau as I speak of.

In the City of Chicago you have a large community; they have their organization there to look after each other. It is a splendid idea. Carry that throughout the creation of a bureau, and let this bureau head keep in touch with the local man in Chicago who understands the conditions of employment there and get his help there. Get information from people in the various localities who know local conditions, who know the condition under which each man and woman is working; and then try to better their conditions.

You cannot do that in a day or a week, but in the course of four or five years you can very materially better the conditions of employment of the deaf of the state. I have no doubt of that.

DR. CLOUD: I think a labor bureau for the deaf will be able to help all people who have any degree of deafness irrespective of whether they have been educated in a school for the deaf, or whether they have lost their hearing during childhood or later on in life. Such a bureau may not be needed in some parts of the state today but conditions change as time passes on. Where it may not be necessary now, a day may come when it will be greatly needed. We should have a labor bureau and be ready to meet any and all situations. If we do not use it, all right. If we do need it, all right; we will be prepared. Like the advertisements for the sale of revolvers, which say, "Perhaps you do not need one, but when you do need one you need it very badly."

There is another thing in connection with the matter of employment of the deaf. A large firm in St. Louis had a skilled deaf machinist. He got hurt one day and sued the company for injuries sustained. Because of that he lost his job, and no deaf man has since been able to obtain employment in that plant. It is not exceptional for hearing people to do as this deaf man did, but for a deaf person to do so once, creates an unfavorable impression, and no more deaf workers are given employment there. Such a course is not fair. It is a discrimination against the deaf. It makes the deaf feel they must do something to get their rights. All they ask is to be treated fairly.

MR. RODENBERGER: It is true the deaf are discriminated against today in industry. The example, Dr. Cloud quotes, shows that. What I want is a remedy for this discrimination. All we ask is fair treatment, equal treatment with the hearing man.

Now, the example Dr. Cloud quotes proves the necessity of removing this discrimination. If an employer employs fifty hearing men and ten of them get hurt, he does not fire every hearing man in his employ. But if two deaf men are employed and one gets hurt, he is likely to fire them both and never again give employment to one who is deaf. He is simply short-sighted, that is all; but it works an unnecessary hardship on the deaf. You will have to educate such an employer, show him figures of other employers, show him statistics covering the whole field of employment, and show him that the number of accidents among the deaf, relatively, is less than among the hearing employees. That is the only way you can get the desired results. It is a matter of education, so far as the employers are concerned.

So far as the casualty companies are concerned, you will have to get a club; that is all. That is the only way to get results with them. Revise their physical test by law, and provide that deafness in itself shall not constitute a sufficient disability to bar a man from work. Then educate your employer to the point where he will make use of deaf workmen. Then there will be no bar to the deaf getting work. But these two things will not come of themselves. They must be forced. If there are no other questions, I want to thank you for your kind attention, and say that so far as I am able you can always count on me to support anything that will help you in any way. I thank you. [Applause.]

DR. HAZENSTAB: I am very much pleased with Mr. Rodenberger's address before this convention. The President wrote me a short time ago, asking me if I had ever written Mr. Rodenberger a letter thanking him for his interest and his work in behalf of the deaf, stating that Mr. Rodenberger had never received such a letter. Through an oversight, I never wrote to him. I thought I had, and I desire here to make an open apology, and tell Mr. Rodenberger that the convention did pass a resolution in 1917, thanking him for his interest. He never received it or heard of it during the four years since then, through my oversight. I owe him an apology and beg his pardon. Now, I propose that we again pass the resolution thanking him for his work in our behalf. Resolution carried by a standing vote.

DR. CLOUD: While we are criticizing some employers we do not want to criticize them all. There are some employers who do not need legislation. They hire a deaf man and ask for more, because the first one may have made good. Employers in shoe factories, car shops and print shops, and the like, where a deaf person has succeeded in making a good impression, have been glad to take on more deaf employees. However, if the

first deaf worker employed should happen to prove unsatisfactory, then perhaps no more deaf workers will be employed in that particular plant. Employers are apt to judge all deaf persons by the one first employed. They do not judge their hearing employees that way.

Near Pittsburgh, in the Carnegie Steel Mills, Mr. Carnegie himself one day was walking through his plant. His superintendent was with him and they went into where steel rails were being turned out. There were many men working in there. It was very warm and they were bare to their waists and perspiring. Mr. Carnegie looked them over and noticed a man,

rather tall, of fine physique, young and strong. He watched him with admiration as he was very skillful in the manipulation of his machine, and attentive to his work. He became so interested in him that he turned to the superintendent and asked "Who is that?" The superintendent told him: "That man is deaf. He was educated in a deaf institution." Mr. Carnegie watched him a little while longer and remarked, "I wish we had more workmen as efficient and careful as that deaf man." When Mr. Carnegie returned to his office, he wrote a check for \$5,000.00 and presented it to the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf for library use. [Applause.]

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Mrs. D. Wasserman and son, of New York City.



Georgia Maryland Thompson, granddaughter of Mrs. Emma Morris, of Cave Spring, Ga.



Alfred C., son of Max M. Lubin, of New York City.



Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lonergan, New York City.



Edmund McQ. aged 1½ years and Tom Jr. aged 4 years, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Myers, Charlotte, North Carolina.



Muriel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brown, New York City.



# PUBLIC OPINION

## Observations at Atlanta

By DR. JAMES H. CLOUD



WE ATTENDED the Grand Division Conventions of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf held at Louisville in 1909, at Columbus in 1912, at Philadelphia in 1918 and at Atlanta last July. We were also delegated to the Omaha Convention in 1915 but finally elected to take a summer in California instead of a week in Nebraska. We have noted with much pride the steady, we should say remarkable, growth of the Society in membership, prestige and financial resources.

An increase in the number of Divisions, and the bringing of the convention fund into action for the first time, naturally resulted in a larger attendance of accredited delegates at the Atlanta Convention. The number of visiting members of the Society, non-members, and ladies present at Atlanta during convention week was surprisingly large and considerably greater than at any previous convention of the Society. Aside from a rather marked predominance in the number of men in attendance the open meetings during convention week assumed the appearance and proportions of a convention of the National Association of the Deaf.

A veteran attendant at conventions could not have failed to notice at Atlanta the uniformly high order of ability of the officers and delegates composing the Grand Division. The average age of the Grand Division membership also was perceptibly higher than at previous conventions. Evidently the rank and file of the order wisely intrusted its affairs to men of recognized ability, mature judgment and ripe experience,—a confidence fully justified by the work accomplished at Atlanta. As for the younger delegates in attendance they were a bright and promising aggregation. While they may not have figured large in the official proceedings they voted right and will be heard from later. The personnel of the Grand Division officials elected, for the most part re-elected, at Atlanta is such as to make for increased efficiency and inspire fresh vigor in the control of the affairs of this future million dollar corporation.

The presence of Governor Hardwick, of Georgia, and Mayor Key, of Atlanta, at the opening meeting was one of the welcome incidents of the N. F. S. D. convention which all in attendance appreciated. Excellent sign interpretation, enhanced by good looks and a pleasing personality, was given the oral addresses by Mrs. M. M. Simmons, a former teacher of the deaf, daughter of Rev. S. M. Freeman. The governor's speech was brief but long enough to reiterate his well known interest in the welfare of the deaf and to emphasize the State's welcome to the convention. The governor is likely to be heard from later concerning matters vitally affecting the deaf citizens of Georgia.

The Key to Atlanta was the mayor himself. He had not proceeded far in his address of welcome before he revealed unmistakable evidence of a wide and friendly acquaintance among the deaf and that he had some knowledge of the sign language. In this connection we may add that Mayor Key is an Associate member of the National Association of the Deaf. His command of the sign language appeared to be better than that of the Superintendent of the Georgia School for the Deaf, at Cave Springs, and he justly felt proud of his accomplishment. After a few introductory remarks the Mayor dispensed with the assistance of the interpreter long enough to say in the sign language: "I am glad to see you. Welcome to Atlanta." As can easily be imagined this surprise which the Mayor sprung upon his audience was given vigorous applause. The Mayor then proceeded to say that he had many friends among the deaf, (which by the way, was an entirely superfluous remark), that he knew of no better clan of citizens; that while he, as mayor,

received complaints from all sorts and conditions of people none came from the deaf; that no class of people seemed to be happier than the deaf; that inasmuch as the men could not swear and the women could not gossip he thought it might be a good thing to be deaf and dumb. He said that the deaf of Atlanta were such a happy, law-abiding, industrious, self-dependent, independent class of people, intent on minding their own business, that he sometimes wished that all the citizens of Atlanta were deaf and dumb. But there was one thing he said which puzzled him mightily and that was how such a handsome young man as Mr. Percy Ligon, Chairman of the Local Committee, had succeeded in remaining a bachelor for so long. The mayor concluded by welcoming the delegates to the city, telling them that if they saw any thing they desired to take it, and if they did not see what they wanted to ask for it; and expressed the hope that all would enjoy their stay in Atlanta. When the mayor finished speaking, and in apparent reversal of the usual order of procedure, instead of presenting the delegates with a "Key to the City" he himself was presented with the Great Key to Freedom, a veritable open sesame, a yard long and a foot wide, bearing the State's colors and the N. F. S. D. emblem.

The address of Mr. J. Coffee Harris, superintendent of the Georgia School for the Deaf, at the opening meeting of the convention, was remarkable in some respects,—remarkable for its length as an address of welcome; for the little, if any, direct reference to the assigned subject which it contained; and for the fact that after having long been connected with a school for the deaf the speaker had mingled little with the deaf and could not talk to them in their own language of signs. From the beginning to the end of his discourse, Mr. Harris seemed to have directed his remarks more to the governor seated behind him on the platform than to his audience in front composed, as it were, of a large and representative gathering from among the Nation's ablest deaf citizens. For one long engaged in educational work among the deaf, Mr. Harris signally failed to command much of either the interest or the sympathy of his audience. His assertion that a deaf child was entitled to the same education as a hearing child, met, of course, with approval. His all too frequently reference to the "revolution" which was bringing "modern methods" to bear on the education of the deaf was received with concealed amusement. Evidently, Mr. Harris did not know that the revolutionary modern methods which he extolled were made in Germany some two hundred years ago and had been weighed and found wanting ever since.

That the so-called "modern methods" have "revolutionized" the Georgia School over which Mr. Harris presides there seems to be no doubt. For some years, ever since the present regime came into power at Cave Springs, the trend has been towards extreme oralism and the deaf teacher there has been practically eliminated. Time was when the Georgia School averaged well among similar schools in other states and sent graduates to Gallaudet College. That was when the combined system of instruction was in high favor there and when at least some of the members of the faculty were deaf men and women of superior education and teaching ability. The kind of "revolution" most needed at the Georgia School is a Board of Administration, a superintendent and a principal in charge who understand, appreciate and would conscientiously apply the combined system of instruction and who would see to it that at least a few deaf men and women of superior scholarly attainments and teaching ability are continued on the faculty.

The series of entertainments and social features at Atlanta during convention week, arranged by the Local Committee and

the Auxiliary composed of lady helpers, and shared in alike by delegates, visitors, frats, non-frats and ladies, were varied, pleasing and on a scale more generous than at any previous meeting of the Society. The outstanding features of the social program consisted of a reception, a melon feast, an excursion, a luncheon, a barbecue and a banquet, also a special invitation to the Woman's Club. There were other pleasing and interesting features arranged for other than those occupied with Grand Division business. Each had some special objective—notably the meeting to increase interest and membership in the National Association of the Deaf due to hold its fourteenth triennial convention at Atlanta in 1923, with the second Monday in August as the likely opening date. Too much praise cannot be given to those who had to do with the local arrangements at Atlanta for the success which attended their three years efforts.

Generally speaking, August is the great vacation month and to our thinking conventions, particularly national conventions, should be held in that month. The weather is apt to be somewhat cooler than earlier in the summer, the nights being longer are certainly cooler; especially low excursion rates are usually available in August by way of extending and stimulating the tourist season. Transportation and hotel bills are but a part, often a nominal part, of a convention expense. It is the wardrobe that costs. It is possible to spruce up for a convention in August at less expense than for one held earlier in the season. Prices usually take a decided downward trend after the middle of July. A straw hat costing \$5.00 before that date can be had for something like \$1.23 after the fall in prices with a proportional reduction in other essentials of a convention outfit. The world's record for attendance at a convention of the deaf was made at Detroit during August and an effort will be made to transfer it to Atlanta two years hence—in August. Of course there can be no falling off in the number of accredited delegates to a Grand Division Convention of the N. F. S. D. Their expenses are paid and salary loss for time absent from work is made up some way or other. But the number of visiting fraters, friends and ladies would be larger in August than in any other season. This will be particularly true when ladies are admitted to full membership in the city—as seems likely at St. Paul.

As a responder to address of welcome, Mr. Alexander L. Pach is the national and dependable stand-by. He never spoke in a happier vein than he did at the opening meeting at Atlanta. On that notable occasion, Mr. Pach was particularly apt. He characterized as being grievously inappropriate and lamentably false the oft-repeated and widely current assertion that Atlanta was "the New York of the South." According to Mr. Pach, such was not the case,—most emphatically and unqualifiedly not. He who had lived fifty years in New York and a day in Atlanta, thereby qualifying as the sole living authority on the subject and the court of last resort, knew that it was wrong and assayed with all the intensity of his innermost being to set forever at rest the perfidious allegation that had been shaking the universe from center to circumference. "Atlanta is *not* the New York of the South," said Mr. Pach, "but New York is the Atlanta of the North."

Among the notables present at Atlanta during convention week were Mr. George S. Porter, Associate Editor and Business Manager of the SILENT WORKER, and Mrs. C. L. Jackson, SILENT WORKER correspondent, secretary of the Georgia Branch of the National Association of the Deaf and of the Local Committee of the Atlanta Convention for 1923. Many new memberships in the N. A. D. and subscriptions for the SILENT WORKER resulted from the illuminating presentations of the organization and of its organ are the part of Mr. Porter and Mrs. Jackson. One of the several reasons for joining the N. A. D. and subscribing for the SILENT WORKER is that both may be had for the price of the WORKER alone after paying the initial membership fee.

We have witnessed the signing of many hymns by many people but have not seen a better rendition of "Nearer my God To Thee" than that by Mrs. Emma Macy King, of Little Rock,

at the Tabernacle at Atlanta one day during convention week. It was a volunteer rendition without any pre-arrangement. Mrs. King's rendition was a blending of expression, posture, meter, grace, balance and sign-clearness in execution that came as near perfection as it seemed humanly possible to bring it. Such well-known hymns should be filmed and sent along a circuit of public gatherings at which hymns are sung, accompanied perhaps with instrumental music—such a use of films would go far towards impressing the general public as to the utility and beauty of the sign language.

The N. F. S. D. took the cake at Atlanta. In the large front show window of Thompson's lunch room on Peachtree Street, a large frosted cake was on display leaving the inscription in sugary words and candied orthography:

"Welcome National Fraternal Society of the Deaf."

## Who Will Employ Him?

LONDON, ENGLAND, 26th July, 1921.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I beg to enquire whether you know any employment to offer at a Deaf School in U. S. A. for a teacher of art-metal work and Silversmithing.

I am myself an English deaf-mute and have been deaf through a serious illness at the age of five brought on by sun-stroke in Bermuda where my father, an army officer, was stationed. I was educated at the Royal School for the Deaf, Margate and my headmaster was Dr. Elliott. While there at the age of 16, I was awarded a London Silversmithing scholarship at the Central School of Arts & Crafts and then I took a four years course of training in Art-metal working. I can forward to you copies of testimonials and evidence of my qualification if you desire them. I had worked at my trade since leaving the School of Arts and Crafts and when war broke out in 1914 I volunteered and worked as a civilian clerk in the R. A. S. C. Last year, I had to resign my post there in favor of Ex-service. I have good testimonials for my work with the army. Since then I have been working again at my trade and am now anxious if possible to find employment as a teacher of Art-metal working to the Deaf.

Many deaf pupils have been taught to become bookmakers, carpenters, tailors and other simple trades but I do not know how many of them have become artcraftsmen.

I shall be grateful if you can offer any such employment or suggest the means whereby I may obtain it elsewhere.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN O. P. FLETCHER.

2 The Common Woolwich, S E. 18

## Thank You, Texas

The Lone Star State Association of the Deaf, at its Fourth Bi-ennial Convention held in Dallas during the first week in July, passed the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, THE SILENT WORKER, a magazine published monthly at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, has shown its value to the deaf in general and its interest in their welfare and progress; be it

*Resolved*, That the Lone Star State Association in convention assembled indorse said magazine and urge our members and the deaf in general to subscribe for it.

*Resolved*, That our Association subscribe for the SILENT WORKER to be placed in the public libraries in all of the large cities of the State, to educate the public in regard to the deaf.

It would not be a bad idea for other State Associations to follow the example set by Texas.

## WANTED

Refined Protestant hearing girl, sixteen to twenty-four years of age. Daughter of Deaf parents. Light work and permanent home. Pleasant surroundings. Information. Address: Box 273, Church Road and Ogontz avenue, Ogontz, Pennsylvania.

# Atlanta Convention Snap-Shots



THE AMUSEMENT SIDE OF THE CONVENTION TOLD IN PICTURES



# The Woman's Page

Edited by MRS. G. T. SANDERS



## SALUTATORY

WITH this new department of the SILENT WORKER begins the responsibility of the one chosen to edit it. To use a well-worn quotation, "We cannot please all of the people all of the time," but at least we can make an honest effort to fill the page with such literature as will interest and please the greatest number of readers and reduce the list of dissatisfied critics to nearly the vanishing point.

In this day of the "drive" we join the long procession of solicitors. We hold out the hand importuning the feminine element to favor THE WOMAN'S PAGE with contributions, original if possible, signed, or anonymous if so desired, thus aiding in the editor's earnest effort to make it readable at all times.

While this is to be a page for and about and by women, readers of the masculine persuasion are assured that articles from their pens will be welcome—and here stands the promise that their contributions shall be accepted or rejected impartially.

## HOW TO HOLD HIM

### A CONDENSATION

A wife is either successful or unsuccessful. There is no such thing as a "bad wife" or a "good wife." A man is as hard to drive away from a good wife and a good home as a bull dog, but if he doesn't get enough to eat, a comfortable chair all to himself, a little indulgence and a little petting, he will follow the first stranger that whistles.

If a wife does not make a good home, she stage-manages trouble for herself and for her husband. The first thing that a woman must actually learn is that all men are exactly alike. Some are fat and some are thin, but that is as far as it goes.

Men grow older but do they grow better? Men are babies and must be taken care of—they are afraid to remain single.

Marriage is a habit and nothing in the world is as hard to break as a habit, so when a wife becomes a sort of pleasant habit with her husband she can heave a long sigh of satisfaction and relief.

And it takes a lot of vamping to break it down.

M. E. Y.

## PRESENCE OF MIND

Presence of mind is a quality in the human composition that has in numberless cases served to avert very serious accidents, sometimes even death itself. Almost every nationality has its own peculiar characteristics among its people as a class.

Americans are noted for their physical courage; the English for their sporting proclivities; the French for their politeness and quick wit in time of emergency.

Individually, certain traits of character are never shown until some unusual event calls it forth, either in the law of self-preservation or the rescue from danger of those we love. Thousands have lived and died, loved and honored, only in that narrow circle in which they daily moved and in which their presence of mind at one time or another had averted serious consequences. During the recent world-wide war there lived in an old French chateau Madam Forrester, whose presence of mind saved the life of one of France's most famous generals. Surrounded only by her servants she lived just outside the capital city caring for her infant son, Rene, and watching eagerly for the sometimes secret visit of her husband to their home.

One dark, stormy night in March, Madam Forrester was seated with her faithful French maid in the library of the old mansion when suddenly they heard the sound of three pebbles rattling against the window shutters. The maid flew to the window and threw it open, knowing it was her master's secret

signal. Falling, rather than walking into the room, his uniform soaking wet and blood running from a gun-shot wound in his right shoulder, Gen. Forrester was caught in the arms of his wife.

"Dear wife," he said, "I have come to bid you and our boy a last goodbye. They are after me. Don't you even now hear the clang of their swords?"

"My husband," Madam said, "they shall not take you. I will save you—only do as I say and all will yet be well." "It is useless to try to escape them," said General F., "they shot at me and know I am here and will soon be in this very room."

"Go down into the secret wine cellar," said Madam Forrester, "and I will find some way to deceive them yet. Go for my sake, go. Think of our little son. Go!"

So coaxing and pushing him she helped him down the hidden stairs into the wine cellar and closed the trap door. Then calling her maid she bade her go up stairs and bring down a large rug, her serving basket and lastly her little son, Rene.

Spreading the rug so as to conceal every trace of the trap door she placed a small sewing table upon it and laying the baby with his toys in the centre of the rug sat down to her sewing as if nothing was the matter.

In a few moments she heard the clank of the German soldiers' swords and heels upon the outside porch, and a loud knocking at the front door told of their arrival.

Bidding the maid open the door to unwelcome visitors, she sat still, outwardly calm and collected, though her heart was full of fear and dread of the outcome. Presently the French maid came up stairs and said the soldiers demanded to see Madam Forrester at once. Rising, she swept down the broad stairway into the hall below, her face white as marble, but outwardly calm and dignified. Making a low bow to the little group of German soldiers, she addressed their leader "What can I do for you, gentlemen?" she asked.

"Madam," answered the leaders of the intruders, "We have undoubted proof that General Forrester is within the castle. In fact one of my men fired a shot at him and we know it wounded him." "Gentlemen," answered Madam Forrester, "I speak the truth when I say that I have not seen my husband for the past nine months. But I cannot expect you to take my word for it. I will myself show you all over the castle but must first ask one favor, after you have searched my private sitting room, I beg that you will not again enter it as my sick boy and I alone occupy it." With quiet dignity, she led the way up the stairs into her room where upon the rug lay her little son. Catching sight of the German soldier's bright equipments, the boy began to coo and crow and when the German officers bent down to look at him, the boy caught hold of his glittering buttons laughing and cooing.

Madam Forrester stood quietly by though her heart beat with fear lest her unconscious husband just beneath them should cough or make a noise and so betray his hiding place.

Unable to bear the terrible suspense longer she bent down and slyly pinched the baby so that he cried out, calling the maid and bidding her care for the crying child, she with thankful heart, led the men from the room. After searching the entire castle and failing to find General Forrester they remained on guard several weeks hoping he would yet come to the castle.

Meantime Madam Forrester fed her husband through the trap door whenever she could safely do so; this was sometimes very hard and again quite easy as the soldiers, growing tired of their fruitless watch, played cards and drank heavily, often being stupefied with liquor when Madam took advantage of their carelessness to minister to her hidden husband. Finally

# The Silent Worker Club

Edited by WARREN M. SMALTZ

"Believe in man. Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, and there never has been a better time, or a better place to live."

—Phillips Brooks.



TH shy modesty, we make our debut as the presiding (lack of) genius over a new department in the Silent Worker. As was explained by an editorial in the July issue, the purpose of this department will be to reflect the spirit of boosting, co-operation, helpfulness and service,—a spirit which is obtaining a growing recognition and strength in the world of today, and which is exemplified by such clubs as the Kiwanis, Rotary, and Lions. It is distinctly modern. It has found expression in such humble forms as community stores, and in such ambitious projects as the League of Nations. In one respect, this spirit is the natural and logical accompaniment of advancing civilization. For time was when the individual lived and was a law unto himself, and though his comforts and luxuries were few, he believed himself happy in an absolute independence of his fellow men. But in the course of human progress and social enlightenment man became more and more a "social animal," and by commerce and intercourse drew upon every zone and clime for the things that would further his comfort and well-being. Civilization became very complex, but with it came a dawning realization that the royal road to general happiness and individual well-being lay in co-operation, and mutual service and encouragement.

We hope our purpose in conducting this department will not be misunderstood. Our attitude is not like that of Hamlet when he said, with morbid pessimism:

"The world is out of joint; oh cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!"

But neither do we want to be classified with that group of optimists whom friend "Allan" has christened "Cheerful Idiots." However, we certainly do not believe there is much the matter with the world. It don't appear sufficiently out of joint to need a minor operation, or even a dose of homeopathic pills. The world is too frequently diagnosed as being "cold," and then frequent doses of the "cold shoulder" are administered as an antidote. If I were a humorist, I would here interject the remark that we are quacks.

The man who is at odds with the world is really suffering from a wrong mental perspective, or as Longfellow has expressed it:

"Two men look out through the same bars,  
One sees the mud, and one the stars."

Henry J. Pulver, of Philadelphia, lay-reader of All Souls' Church, says: "Your June issue is a marvel of literary, pictorial and typographical skill. ONLY the most ambitious of the magazines for the hearing can touch it. As for the l.p.f.—well, you have them all backed off the boards. I'm getting my money's worth."

"No smoking in the coach, sir," said the conductor of a passenger train. "I'm not smokin'," answered the passenger with an injured air from the depths of his seat.

"You've got your pipe in your mouth," declared the conductor with emphasis, sharply confident. "I hov, retorted the Hib-ernian, "and I hov me fut in me shoe, too, but I'm not walkin'."

It is always a safe bet that the person who believes the world has condescended to perpetrate a frame-up against him, is really a victim of his own frame of mind. The chronic grouch is always seeing red, and the chronic knocker is always seeing mud. Woe betide the unfortunate who sees only red mud!

One of the rules in modern literary criticism is *nil nisi bonum*,—"nothing but good." This has been translated into the vigorous language of the street to mean: "If you can't boost, don't knock." It is a sound principle to apply to the business of living. Of course, faults exist in the greatest profusion, but the person who has no eyes for anything else is closely allied to the soldier on parade, who thought everybody was out of step except himself. Possibly a higher providence planned that faults should exist in such conspicuous proportions, in order that mortals might more easily appreciate the good by very reason of the contrast. But the habitual fault-finder proclaims himself to be of sub-normal mental development for, paradoxical as it may seem, the man with the hardest "kick" is also the man with the weakest "punch."

Derisive pity is the favorite attitude of people toward those who are known as visionary. Yet every great and noteworthy achievement that has ever been consummated is the direct outcome of some man's vision. The N. F. S. D., which is today a very hard and potent fact, was in its initial stage of existence nothing more substantial than the vision of a small group of school-boys. The present excellence of the Silent Worker is the direct result of a sincere man's vision, as yet only partially materialized. But it is unnecessary to multiply examples. What we are trying to come to is that we are cherishing a vision of a Silent Worker Club that will be something more than a name. We have hopes that this department will not turn out to be a one cylindered flivver; but neither on the other hand should it become a steam-roller. We welcome suggestions, constructive advice, and any kind of contributions agreeable to the nature and purpose of this Club. As Robert Louis Stevenson said:

"This world is so full of a number of things  
That I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

He must be blind, indeed, who cannot perceive some of those things; and lazy, indeed, who will not take a pad and pencil and use a little effort to give honor and recognition wherever it is due. And while we don't wish to be "as happy as kings" in this age of luckless monarchs, we believe it possible to attain a fair degree of happiness by giving it ourselves. And don't forget that the Club's middle name is **Worker**.

The owner of a dry-goods store heard a new clerk say to a customer, "No, Madam, we have not any for a long time."

With a fierce glance at the clerk the smart employer rushed up at the woman and said, "We have plenty of everything in reserve ma'am; plenty upstairs."

The customer and the clerk looked dazed. Then the proprietor, seeing that something was wrong, said to the customer; "Excuse me, what did you ask for?"

The woman simply replied, "Why, I said to your clerk that we hadn't any rain lately."

Mistress—"Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frog's legs?"

Nora—"Sure, mum, I dinna. He wore pants."

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof readers all of whom are deaf.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

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No. 1

## The Why of It

The question has been asked "Why is the **Silent Worker** increasing its price when everything else is coming down?" It is true the price of paper and other materials have fallen during the past few months, but the Silent Worker is using a better grade of paper than it used during the war and is using much more of it. The increased size of the June and July numbers could not be carried through the year for \$1.50. In addition to this, we are trying to pay our regular writers and those who write special stories enough to defray their expenses. This adds to the cost of the Silent Worker. Is there any magazine on the market with a small circulation like the Silent Worker which sells for \$2.00? The answer is "There is none." The large magazines like the "American" with a circulation of a million make their money on advertising, but a magazine with a circulation of a few thousand cannot hope to make any profit out of advertising. Our subscribers must pay the cost of production. Each time the Silent Worker increased its price, it promised a bigger and better magazine and it has never failed to produce it. The Silent Worker must have the support of the deaf by their subscriptions or it cannot maintain its high standard. Every deaf person should be willing to pay \$2.00 a year to support a magazine which serves the deaf of the world as does the Silent Worker.

## Too Much Prosperity

Success and success unlimited is the wish and hope of almost every individual. Each believes he would

greatly profit if he had his heart's desire. Most people can stand reverses and hard knocks but very few can stand prosperity, especially continued prosperity. It turns the heads of the best of us. Motion picture stars are an example. Most of them emerge from want and suddenly find themselves wealthy. How many of them have done any good with their money? They only live to gratify their own personal desires. How many of them ever made a real sacrifice for others; a sacrifice which would mean deep privation? Now and then there may be a few who possess negative virtues. That is, they may not do anything seriously wrong, but they lack the worth-while positive virtues. What is true of the motion picture stars is true of any profession or line of industry where sudden and enormous success has been attained in the form of wealth, power and fame.

## The Influence of Success

Many a president of the colored Republic of Haiti has taken office with the intention of serving his people and his country to the best of his ability, but as soon as he feels his more or less unrestrained power he forgets that he is a public servant. Within a few months he is thoroughly convinced that the people are his people, that he is their ruler by divine right and that when he exercises his will he is expressing the will of God. The more ignorant and the more unaccustomed to power one is, the more easily he falls a victim to the influence of success. The Kaiser was trained from youth with the idea that he was divine. The culpability and gullibility of the human mind is to be marvelled at even among the most intelligent, for those who follow and believe, as did the Kaiser's subjects, are in error as much as he who rules and believes. No person is strong enough to withstand the ruinous influence of unlimited power.

## Atlanta

It remained for the deaf of Georgia, and Atlanta in particular, to show the delegates and visitors to the convention of the National Fraternal Association of the Deaf, held during the week ending July 16, what southern hospitality was like. No city ever extended to the deaf such a warm welcome as did Atlanta. By this is meant not only by the deaf citizens but by the hearing and speaking as well. And this was made more apparent by the Governor of Georgia and the Mayor of Atlanta. The Governor, in his address, made it clear that he was interested in the sign-language and the Mayor went him one better by starting his address in the conventional signs of the deaf.

The convention was a successful one and the delegates are to be commended for the splendid work they did and the fine impression they left on the citizens of Atlanta and the ladies and gentle-



men of the committee, who entertained the guests so lavishly, are entitled to much praise.

This convention and the one of the National Association of the Deaf to be held in the same city in 1923 mean much to the deaf of the whole South. Heretofore the southern deaf were little heard of because the big organizations of the deaf generally selected the eastern, northern, central and western sections of the country for their meetings, but now the "awakening" of the South is beginning to attract notice.

## Muckraking

As announced on several occasions the Silent Worker is a free forum for the polite discussion of all subjects relating to the deaf. It is an independent magazine giving a square deal to all.

In past decades, personal abuse was considered clever but today it disgusts the readers and acts as a boomerang to those who make use of it. Many writers believed that they were producing results only when they were engaged in fierce personal attacks. Constructive workers have no time for such indulgence. The slogan of today is to serve, to build, to achieve, to help others, and always to be considerate and courteous. Muckrakers have had their day. They are good only for tearing down and destroying and such work soon disqualifies them for creative organization and co-operation.

Sometimes in the rush to get the magazine out on time, sharp and bitter remarks escape the notice of the editors and the proof-readers. Some individuals have suffered the stings of personal criticism. Some schools have been called names. In the future, we hope to keep the pages of the Silent Worker clean from personal attacks. We regret that it has been marred in the past. Nevertheless, the Silent Worker will encourage constructive criticism and the expression of different views wherein those who differ are treated courteously and arguments are respectfully answered.

## Nature's Compensation

It is often noticeable that where one is not blessed by talents and understanding he is blessed with ignorance and egotism so that he goes through life self-satisfied and never appreciates his shortcomings. As a rule, the greater the ignorance, the greater the egotism. It is nature's compensation. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, but a truly great man or woman is always modest.

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right said the host, "don't you know the proverb, 'Barkikng dogs never bite.'?"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman. "I know ze proverbe, you know ze proverbe; but ze dog—does he know ze proverbe?"

## Atlanta-1923

(Signed at the N. A. D. Meeting of the N. F. S. D. Convention)

By J. H. McFARLANE

On zestful breezes' cheer-fraught blow  
Our lusty watchword rings afar;  
Our Southern skies are all aglow  
With lustre from a rising star  
That bodes a greater N. A. D.—  
Atlanta—1923!

O happy juncture—time and place,  
Evolved from countless cycles past,  
Here blend in all their matchless grace,  
And one supreme event forecast  
That grips the very heart of me—  
Atlanta—1923!

Fair city of our Southern pride,  
The gateway to this glorious land;  
Your gates and heart are open wide,  
We grasp your warm, extended hand.  
To myriad joys you hold the key—  
Atlanta—1923!

I have a date with charming scenes,  
With sunny skies and sparkling minds,  
And kindred things whose mingling means  
The rarest draught the spirit finds—  
It's marked in brightest red for me—  
Atlanta—1923!

## Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Henry Raymond Glover, Jr., 8 months, 22 lbs., hearing son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Raymond Glover of Columbia, S. C.

they left in disgust and the General made his way back to his regiment which was among the first of the French army to enter the enemy's territory after the terrible, last battle was fought.

So Madame Forrester's presence of mind not only saved her husband's life but incidentally helped to win the great war.

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

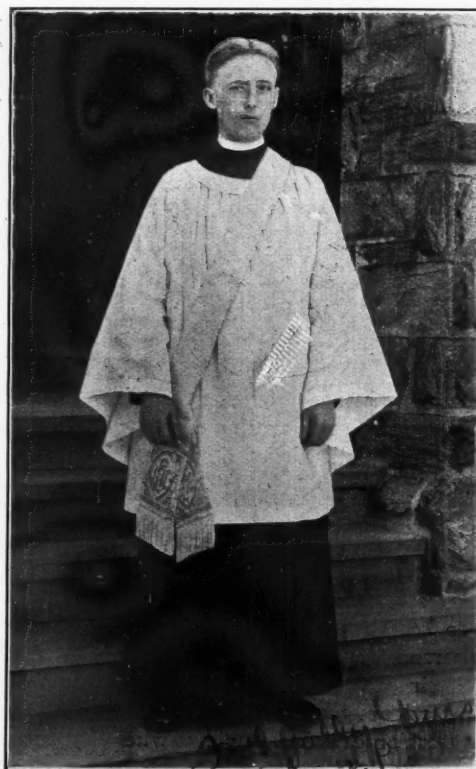
## Ordination of Rev. H. J. Pulver



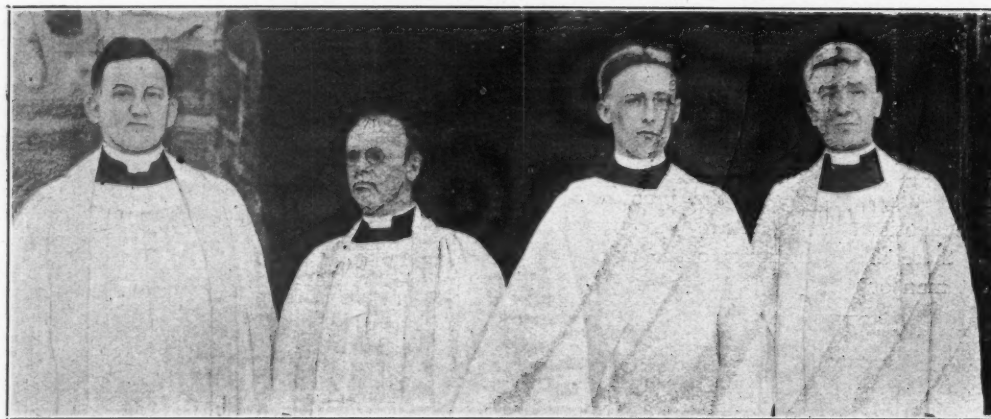
PROBABLY the most interesting service in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, Pa., since its consecration was the ordination therein to the diaconate of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Mr. Henry Jeremiah Pulver on Sunday, June 19, 1921, by the Right Reverend Thomas J. Garland, D. D., D. C. L., Suffragan Bishop of Pennsylvania. The weather was perfect and the church was filled almost to its capacity, an unusually large number partaking of the Holy Communion, but it was much regretted, a fact touched upon in his address by the Bishop, that illness prevented the pastor, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, M. A., from being present. With the Bishop, in the chancel, were the Rev. Norman V. Levis, D. D., rector of the Church of the Incarnation, Philadelphia; the Rev. James O. McIlhenny, also of Philadelphia, Secretary of the Diocesan Commission of Church Work Among the Deaf; the Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, of Utica, N. Y., Missionary to the Deaf in New York State; the Rev. Franklin C. Smielau, of Selins Grove, Pa., Missionary in Pennsylvania State; and the Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Missionary in Maryland, together with Messrs. William H. Lipsett and Warren M. Smaltz, Lay-Readers of All Souls'.

The service began with the signing of Hymn 288, "O Spirit of the Living God," by a vested choir of six ladies. This was followed by the sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Merrill, who took for his text I Corinthians III, 11, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," pointing out how the Church is founded on Christ and emphasizing the necessity of building our lives on such foundation, summing up with a brief history of the Church's work among the deaf, and concluding with a solemn exhortation to the candidate. The candidate was then presented to the Bishop by the Rev. Dr. Levis, after which the Litany was said and the office of the Holy Communion begun. After the examination of the candidate by the Bishop, came the actual ordination service, at the close of which a stole was placed over Mr. Pulver's left shoulder and fastened at his right hip denoting his rank as Deacon. The newly-made deacon then read the Gospel and the clergy and congregation recited the Creed. Bishop Garland made a short address in which he touched upon his personal interest in All Souls' and referred to the absence of its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Dantzer, who

was so greatly missed by all. He then proceeded with the celebration of the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Levis, McIlhenny, Wildin, Pulver, and Merrill, the last-named whom interpreted the entire service into signs; and, after the benediction by the Bishop, the impressive service was concluded with the signing by the choir of Hymn 286.



REV. HENRY J. PULVER



DEAF CLERGY AT ORDINATION OF REV.

Rev. F. C. Smielau  
Pennsylvania

Rev. O. J. Whildin  
Maryland

HENRY J. PULVER TO DIACONATE

Rev. H. J. Pulver  
Wash., D. C., and Virginias

Rev. H. C. Merrill  
New York

Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord,  
And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry  
For all who preach Thy saving word,  
And wait upon Thy ministry," etc.

The service was followed by a luncheon in the Parish House in honor of the newly-ordained deacon, the clergy and others, including representatives of the Wilmington, Del., Newark, N. J., Paterson, N. J., and Trenton, N. J., Missions, being present. Speeches were made and the Rev. Mr. Pulver was presented with a number of gifts, including vestments, a traveling case, books, money, etc.

The Rev. Henry Jeremiah Pulver graduated from the Malone, N. Y. school for the deaf and from Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., receiving the degrees of B. A. (1917) and M. A. (1920) from the latter. After teaching in the Talladega, Ala., school for some time, he decided to take up the ministry as his life's work and entered the Philadelphia Divinity School in the fall of 1919, to take the full course of study. He has been assigned to take charge of the church work among the deaf in Washington, D. C., and the Virginias, under the direction of the church authorities, and will continue his theological studies at the Virginia Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Va.

#### HERE AND THERE

The automobile law which, if passed by the late legislature of California, would have deprived the deaf of the right to operate cars, died in Committee. A flood of protests poured into the committee from deaf organizations and individuals and the silent voice was heard. The deaf may now continue to operate their machines just as is the privilege of other citizens and they may continue to use our beautiful highways for they are taxed like others. However, in order that there may be no cause for criticism in the future it is well for the deaf to drive carefully and avoid speeding. Their immunity from threatened legislation may be assured for the future depending on their ability to avoid accidents, the blame for which most likely, however unjustly, may be attributed to their deafness. It is a warning worth heeding, for who of us does not dream of owning a car some day to take us over our highways, to give us health and pleasure and a new grip on life?

It is said that Mrs. Walter Eden, graduate of this School and wife of State Senator Eden, was the person who saved the deaf. Our hats off to her!

It would not be a bad idea to form a federation of the deaf clubs of the bay cities having as the common object the welfare of the members and the deaf in general.

—California News.

## Marriages

STUDT—QUINN

On July 9th, 1921, Ada Ruth Studt, of Grand Valley, Col., to James H. Quinn, of Union Hill, N. J., by Rev. W. H. Moor, in Christ Church, Trenton, N. J. The bride is a graduate of the Sioux Falls, S. D., School and of Gallaudet College. The groom graduated from the Fanwood, N. Y., School. The witnesses were Superintendent and Mrs. Alvin E. Pope, Mr. Frederick A. Moore, and Mr. George K. S. Gompers, of the Trenton School. The bride was until her marriage Physical Training Instructor for the girls, and Librarian at the New Jersey School for the Deaf. The groom is a Linotype operator, now working in Denver Colorado, where he is making a home for the bride. It was while taking a special course in machine and linotype operating at the New Jersey School that he met and won the heart of the girl he now calls wife.

RENTON—THEILE

On July 2, Miss Margaret Wait Renton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Renton, of Caldwell N. J., and Gustav Theile, of Newark, N. J. Both are deaf-mutes and they were classmates in a school in Trenton, New Jersey. The Rev. Edwin I. Stearns submitted the questions and received the responses in writing.

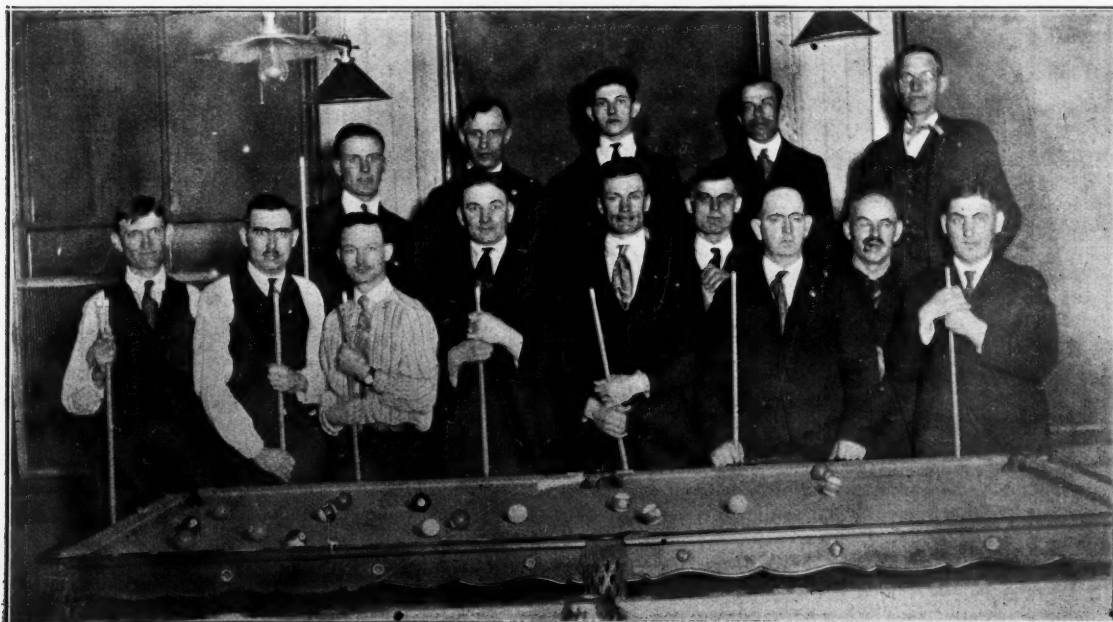
ANDREWS—LEWIS.

Mr. Norman Vickers Lewis and Allie May Andrews announce their marriage on Saturday, August 6th, 1921, in Los Angeles, California. They will be at home after the first of December, at 2231 South Vermont Avenue.

#### GLAD THE SILENT WORKER IS A STRONG ALLY OF THE N. A. D.

I must say that the SILENT WORKER exceeded my expectations and as the result I send the money to you at once.

I am glad that the SILENT WORKER is a strong ally of the National Association of the Deaf and also of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, both of which I am a member.  
LEBO, KANSAS. U. GRANT MILLER.



MILWAUKEE SILENT CLUB



# ATHLETICS

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this Department)

Edited by F. A. MOORE

## DENNIS K. WICKLINE.

By "GOSH"



THIS is the man with the laughs who remains fit. That, it seems to us, is the secret of Denny Wickline's ability to heave 'em across the plate with practically the same speed and wicked curves as he did back in 1909 while pitching for Asheville of the North Carolina State League. He had his laugh copyrighted about that time, and ever since then that same laugh has injected the shivers into many a batter.

"Wicky," as he is popularly called over in Akron, first saw the light of day down in Old Virginia amid the health resorts and sulphur spring fumes. He early received his dose of sulphur while being baptized. Some of the water inadvertently trickled down his face and into his gaping mouth.

He attended the Virginia school at Staunton. There, he participated in all the athletic stunts then in existence. Incidentally, he became the best all around athlete of his school. And, as is always the case, he was for his last three years elected to captain every team of the major sports there. His teams captured the Valley of Virginia baseball and football championships for three consecutive years. His football team attracted the notice of the once famous Coach Warren Rice, of the University of Virginia, and it was he who taught Wicky that none too pleasant trick of elbow-blocking, which is so effective on the opponents even to this day. Many Akronites doubtless remember the effect of this elbow-blocking on a certain "dirty" player of Elyria, Ohio, two years ago.

Upon leaving school, Wicky joined Asheville of the North Carolina State League as a pitcher and remained with that team for four years. In his second year he was its most dependable pitcher. He ended the season with 36 victories to only 5 defeats, and with such a feat, Asheville of-course won the pennant.

Two years later, the N. C. State League "blew-up" so Wicky joined Paris of the "Kitty" League, composed of mountain towns of Kentucky, where the players, as well

as the fans, always drank moonshine for water. They did not know the difference then. Those towns were called "Kitty" towns because every owner of an illicit still—and everybody had one—possessed kittens that were trained to meow upon the approach of a stranger. Wicky did so

well in this League and soon became the hero of Paris. It was then that his troubles began. Proud fans began to give him their newest born kittens. His den soon began to fill up—he dared not chloroform any for fear of hurting the delicate, feudish, moonshiny feelings of his friends—so he jumped to Gettysburg, of the Blue Ridge League. We do not know what became of the kittens, but we do know that Wicky made good in this League. With Gettysburg, he won 33 and lost 15. The following year he was with Cumberland, Md., having gotten there via the transfer route. Here he chalked up 26 victories and lost only 15.

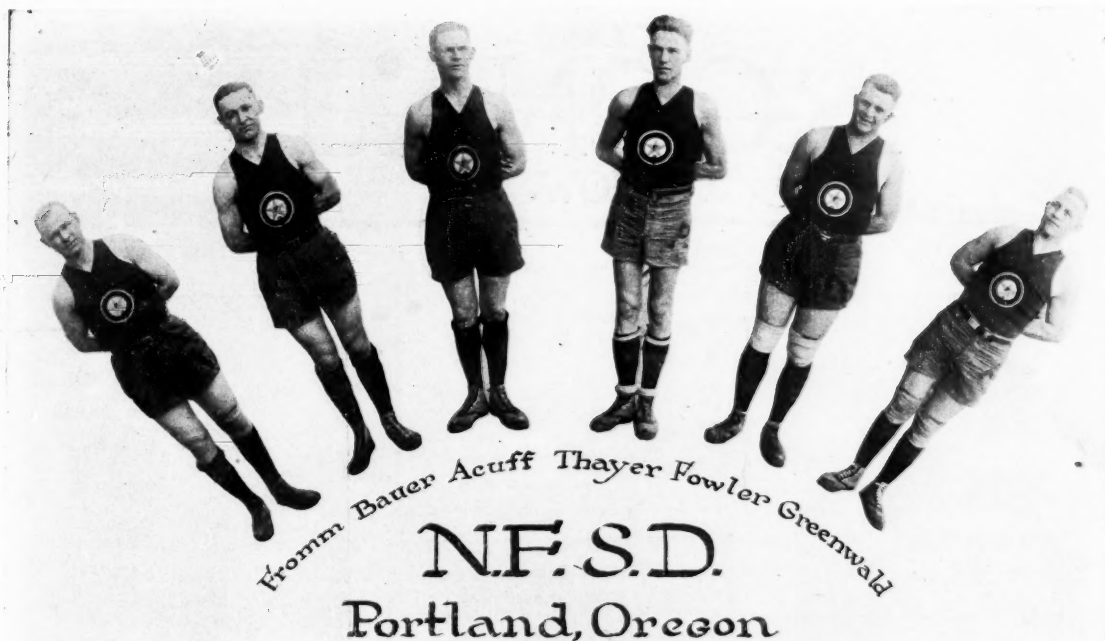
At this time Uncle Sam decided to throw in his lot with the Allies against Germany, and every player of this league hastened to join the colors. Wicky, of course, also volunteered but was turned down because of his inability to hear. So he went to Akron. He arrived on a noon train and that same afternoon was placed by Manager Ayers at left tackle on the Silents football team. The next day the team went to Lorain, Ohio and won 7 to 0, thanks to Wicky's elbow-blocking.



DENNIS K WICKLINE

The following Saturday the Silents went down to Columbus, Ohio and tackled the Mendel Pirates. Having never been defeated in their history, and having always won from their opponents by large and decisive scores, the Pirates were, indeed, dumbfounded when they found themselves beaten by the score of 7 to 0. The Silents as a whole played wonderful ball, but as the papers said Wicky's work stood out prominently above the rest.

Wicky has been participating in football and baseball ever since, and apparently he is good for many more seasons because of that copyrighted laugh of his.



## Tennis

And so tennis has come into its own! This year it is to be a regular fixture on the Recreational Program of this school. Regular schedules will be pulled off and prizes awarded to the winning teams and individuals. And thereby, we hope to develop several young stars to compete with outsiders.

When we come to think of it we are indeed surprised at the enormous growth of the court game. Not so long ago it was ridiculed as being mollycoddish, but now it ranks as the leading international sport. Only recently twelve nations competed for the Davis Cup.

Some fifteen years ago, wielders of the racket were contemptuously called "sissies." The game was little played outside of society circles. It was merely a stepping stone to social prestige. Now many colleges, of which we believe Gallaudet is one, award letters to their representatives, and the national tennis champion is a person of importance in the realm of sport.

When it comes to the deaf, we do not believe there are any better players than B. M.—"Bum"—Schowe and Leonard—"Rip"—Rendall of the men and Miss Kate Keeley of the women. If there are others we shall be glad to hear of them.

## The Akron Silents

Henceforth the Goodyear Silents football team will be known as the AKRON Silents, for they will play independent ball and are therefore in no way representative of the Goodyear Company. The Employee's Activities Committee of Goodyear seems to be dealing rather shabbily with the Silent Athletic Club. Only recently this club was the best financed club of all those representing Goodyear. But now all its funds have mysteriously disappeared *except on paper*, for the Company's books still show what really belongs to the Silents.

And besides this, the Company will, henceforth, charge rent of the Silents for the use of its grounds. This we cannot understand for was not Seiberling Field established for the welfare of the employees of the Company? Another thing, which we cannot refrain from mentioning, is the rather rotten treatment of the Silents baseball team by the Employee's

Activities Committee. The Silents were really playing under the colors of the Goodyear Silent Athletic Club which is directly governed by the E.A.C., but this *supposedly fair* Committee, which owes the Silents some \$1200, refused to lend them a cent for the carrying out of their regular schedule in the Industrial Athletic Association in Akron. By the way, the Industrial Athletic Association baseball schedule would have fallen flat if the Silents had not volunteered to fill the gap caused by the retirement of another team. Manager Russell Moore had to personally shoulder all the expenses after he discovered the E. A. C would not help. He lost much, but of course does not complain. Still the very unfairness of the E. A. C. grates upon *our* nerves.

The fact that the Company is "hard up" in no way justifies the E. A. C's action to take without leave or right the Silent's finances, about half of which was derived from membership dues.

"We are sorry," says the E. A. C. "but really we cannot do anything." Really we would like to see if they "cannot do anything." We would like to know what action the Congress of Goodyear would take if it gets wise to the dealings of the E. A. C.

## Marshall to Coach Fast Silents Team.

Playing as an independent team, many members of the old Silents team so well known here in football circles, are to line up this year as the Akron Silent team. It is to be one of the fastest teams the Silents have ever put on the field, according to all predictions.

C. C. Marshall, well known right end, has been named as coach of the team for the coming season.

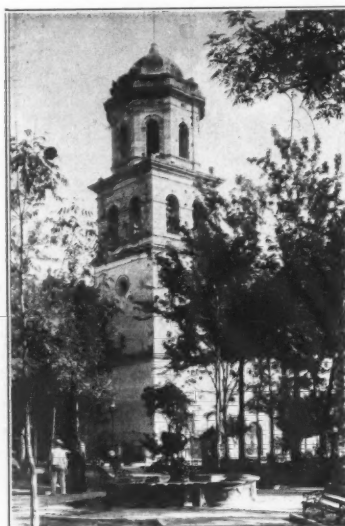
Marshall played with the Silents for the past three years. He will again hold down one of the wing positions this season.

Manager Russell Moore is preparing the schedule for the Silents. Many out-of-town games are being booked. Owing to the Silents' drawing power in other cities, Moore is finding it difficult to book games for play in Akron.

Whatever games booked by the Silents for play in Akron will be staged at Seiberling field.—*East Akron Booster.*

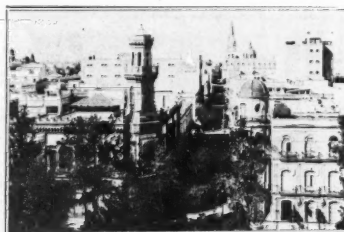
# The ARGONAUT

by J.W. HOWSON



A bit of old Mexico. This is a garden scene in Guadalajara.

## In Old Mexico



Panorama of Guadalajara, Mexico. Guadalajara is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is a modern city with modern conveniences, and remains practically undisturbed by the recent upheaval.



The Cathedral of Chihuahua. This is a magnificent edifice and well representative of Mexican architecture.

**H**ORACE GREELEY'S sage advice, "Go west, young man," hardly applies to the youth of the Golden State. There is no further western region in which to venture unless it be across the broad expanse of the Pacific. To secure change of environment one must needs retrace his steps towards the east, or barring that one may proceed to the north or the south. Many of our young men have penetrated into the rocky shores and dense forests of the north-west and braved Alaska's snow-clad fields in search of fame and fortune. Others have dared the heat and tropical languor of the south and wrestled from the mountains and valleys of Mexico and Central America tribute rivalling the genius and daring necessary to secure it.

Such thoughts as these hovered over the mind of Melvin Davidson of San Francisco. Melvin knew that deaf men had gone north and found a precarious existence amidst the ice and snow, but as far as he was aware Mexico was an unexplored field for the deaf. To the south he would go, and if opportunity offered mayhap there remain. He not only brought back the information that Mexico is a land replet with opportunities, but also ascertained much that will be of interest to the deaf, both as to conditions amongst the deaf in our southern republic and the chances which every newcomer may expect to face.

Leaving San Francisco by steamer, Mr. Davidson's first impressions of Mexico, were at Mazatlan. This is a city of some 30,000 inhabitants situated upon a bay fringed with cocoanuts and other species of palms. The houses, of which a few are brick, but nearly all adobe, are built solid along each street. Each house or apartment has a beautiful garden of its own. In these gardens the Mexicans spend the greater part of their waking hours each day. The floors of the better class of homes are of tile or cement cut into small squares; in the

poorer houses, the homes of the peon, the ground constitutes the flooring. Here chickens, pigs, and ducks live peaceably with the "ninos."

From Mazatlan to Manzanillo is a thirty-six hour ride. Manzanillo is a small but very beautiful place with plenty of tropical color. Parrots, monkeys, bananas, and cocoanuts are to be seen in abundance. After a day's journey through rich agricultural districts, one arrives in the vicinity of Guadalajara, second city of importance in Mexico. Fine ranches or "haciendas," which show no signs of ill-treatment from the recent risings, herald the approach to the city. Primitive methods of farming are still in existence. Oxen pull the plows and the products of the farms are delivered on burros or on the shoulders of the natives, who are capable of thus carrying heavy loads many miles.

Guadalajara is a well lighted city of some 125,000 people. It has an extensive street-car system, a country club, and several good hotels. A large American colony flourishes in the city, in consequence of which nearly all the educated people speak English. Owing to the scarcity of good roads, the revolution and heavy duties but few automobiles are to be found in this territory. Though the streets of Guadalajara are as peaceful apparently as those of any city in the States, heavily armed ranchers may be seen here and there as if to remind one that preparedness in this respect is a virtue not to be neglected.

It is a twenty-hour ride from Guadalajara to Mexico City, the capital, a beautiful city and sufficiently foreign to arouse an interest in the stranger. An American, however, soon begins to feel at home. He finds himself only one of 7,000 Americans, most of whom reside at Colonna Roma, a fashionable new resi-





These boys are as lively and as mischievous as their brethren in the north, but they seldom remain to complete the school course. They receive rudimentary instruction in the trades, but, owing to the limited achievements of the adult deaf of Mexico, the school children have not the stimulus to endeavor which deaf children in our country enjoy.

dence district of the city. Mexico city is situated at an elevation of about 8,750 feet. The climate, which corresponds very closely to that of San Francisco, is dry and makes Mexico City one of the healthiest localities in the world. As in California, there are wet and dry seasons of about six months each.

Mexico City is modern in most respects with many metropolitan conveniences. The city possesses several fine parks



Faculty of the National School for the Deaf of Mexico. Mr. Davidson is at the extreme right. Otherwise note the solitary male teacher in the photo. Neither revolutions nor peonage keep the women from monopolizing school positions in our neighboring republic.

towards which one may witness a continual flow of many fine equipages, automobiles, carriages, and horseback riders. An attractive feature of the city is its flower market. Flowers are on sale every day in the year, those most in evidence being roses, in great variety, violets, carnations, pansies, lilies, and poppies. As an offset to this there is the so-called thieves



Deaf girls at Mexico City School. Chosen from a population of millions these are the only deaf girls receiving public instruction in the republic of Mexico.

market. It is interesting because of the prevailing idea that it is a medium whereby thieves dispose of their booty, and where the visitor may for a trifle purchase gems and objects of art. In reality the place is little more than a bazaar where tawdry refuse is sold to the indigent.

Beggars constitute a large and varied class of the popula-



Who said there was no snow in Mexico? Except for the garb of the people might suppose this a mid-winter scene from one of our northern states instead of a view from a Mexico City Park.

tion. Children are taught to beg from infancy and though one pities the poorly clad supplicant, it should be borne in mind that money given them goes directly into the hands of parents who spend it for drink. The successful child beggar grows into a professional. Every church and railroad station has its beggars of which only the blind and the very old are deserving. "At that the blind beggar is often remarkably clear sighted, the lame can outstrip the gendarme when necessity urges, the deaf hear with extra-ordinary keenness, and the hungry hunger more for cigarettes and pulque than for bread. They beg from pure laziness and they usually have no passion for clean linen."

The altitude of the city affects culinary operations and recipes which give good results at sea level have to be adjusted to suit the elevation. Food values, so it is claimed, decrease by one-third. One meets with many unfamiliar Mexican tropical fruits. Those who have the courage to taste them, find them often delicious. Strawberries grow the year round. Fruits and vegetables should not be eaten unwashed. The Indian gardeners are usually as innocent of hygiene as are the cooks who prepare the food. Native cooks have been known to ex-



A bull fight, the national sport in Mexico. Sanchez Mejia, the man in the picture is a university graduate and acknowledged the best Spanish bull fighter. Mr. Davidson, who witnessed the contest here pictured reports he occupied one of the topmost seats amongst thirty thousand spectators paying the equivalent of \$5.00 in American money for the privilege. Eight bulls and fifteen horses were dispatched to the happy hunting grounds during the course of the afternoon's festivities.



View from the Chapultepec Park. The road leading from it is the finest and most fashionable avenue in the republic. Along this avenue flows a steady stream of fashionable equipages, furnishing easy transportation between the park and Mexico City, which may be seen in the distance.

pectorate on the frying pan to see if it were hot enough.

Spanish speaking countries are, according to Mr. Davidson, easy to travel in. The natives gesticulate freely and expressively. He had little difficulty in making himself understood, but one cannot travel to the best advantage in Mexico without having at least a moderate command of the language.

Mr. Davidson visited the school for the deaf in the city of Mexico. From the book, *El Nacional escuela de Sordo-Mudos*, the following is gleaned: "The National School for the Deaf was founded in 1866, through the efforts of Senores Eduardo Huet, deaf from birth and founder of the Imperial Institute for the Deaf in Rio de Janeiro, and Don Ignacio Irigueros, Alcade of the city of Mexico. The manual system of Abbe de L'Epee was adopted, but since 1888 the pure oral method has been used exclusively."

"The school is housed in the old convent of Corpus Christi, which has been repaired and greatly improved. It is located near the magnificent monument to Benito Juarez, Mexico's Indian president during the years 1863-1872, a man who encouraged the school during its infancy."



Directora Senorita Guadalupe Garcia, head of the National School for the Deaf of Mexico. Senorita Garcia is at the left.



(Photo by M. Davidson.) President Obregon greeting the St. Louis delegation at Chapulptic Castle. The president extends greetings with his left hand, the other member having been lost in service of his country. Obregon's great grandfather was an Irishman by the name of Michael O'Brien. The name has since been changed to Obregon. It is said Obregon "will need all the Irish he's got to hold down the lid."

Mr. Davidson was courteously received by the Directora and shown around the class-rooms, of which there are about half a dozen ranging from beginners to intermediate grades. The classes for boys and girls are separate. Eight to twelve pupils compose a class. The teachers are nearly all senioritas, evidently but one class being taught by a man. The oral method of instruction, together with manual spelling and writing is employed, but the pupils use signs in communicating with one another. The curriculum, as far as it goes, is not unlike that of schools for the deaf in our own country. This is the only school for the deaf in Mexico and few of the children remain to complete the full course. The attendance of 125 does not meet the capacity of the school. There is no compulsory attendance law for the deaf and the present enrollment is not limited by want of money, but by want of interest on the part of the parents, by ignorance and poverty.

The school was continued through all the years of the recent revolution, which is more than can be said of the public schools, most of which were suspended during the war. The



THE CITY OF CHIHUAHUA  
Chihuahua has been the center of all recent Mexican revolutions.

school maintains departments of art and industry. The boys are taught carpentry and shoe-repairing. The girls learn to sew. Equipment is rather meager and crude. Music is used for teaching rhythm and pitch. The children march and play to music and they have moving-picture entertainments in the chapel occasionally. It is surprising to find the methods used in this school so similar to those employed in the States. The children are as lively as their northern brethren, but show a greater deference towards their elders in the classrooms. The adult deaf of Mexico are not, however, doing as well as the deaf in our country and the school children, in consequence, lack the stimulus and incentive to effort which the success of their alumni affords the children of our schools.

Mr. Davidson found the Mexicans a greatly misunderstood people. He found them polite, warm-hearted, and sincere. To assist the stranger is to them a real pleasure. Never too busy to be pleasant or to smile, they are an agreeable people with which to associate. Americans are well liked. Especially do Mexican women admire American men, with whom they have long had the reputation for sympathy and kindness. The Texans, who were imprisoned during 1844, received harsh treatment from the men, but from the women nothing but kindness. Mexican children are well behaved, courteous to their parents as well as to strangers. Even the barefooted street urchin, who sells papers and polishes your boots, is well-mannered. According to Mr. Davidson, Americans can learn much in manners and courtesy from her despised neighbor to the south.

Mr. Davidson met many prominent people in Mexico. In answer to numerous inquiries as to whether he met the bandit Villá, Mr. Davidson says that he made no effort in that direction. Though Villá is held as anything but an outlaw in Mexico, his agents informed Mr. Davidson that it would be a most difficult thing to meet the former leader, unless his business was clearly outlined and all suspicions of ulterior motives removed.

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The Annual convention of the California Association of the Deaf was held as has been customary, in San Francisco. Little business of importance was transacted. It was decided to continue the award of medals to most deserving pupils at the state institution, with the provision that the speeches of acceptance by the recipients of the medals be delivered in signs. These medals are always presented at the closing exercises of the school year and the deaf in attendance are desirous of having the awards acknowledged in a manner comprehensible to them. A feature of the convention was the awarding of the presidency and first vice-presidency of the Association to Melville J. Matheis and Mrs. Alice T. Terry, both of Los Angeles. Deaf residents of the southern end of the state have always looked upon the Association as an organization centered in the northern part of the state and consequently have taken little interest in its affairs. With two of the most important offices now resting in the south, the Association may assume more of a state-wide character. At the subsequent election, which was by mail vote, the following additional officials were elected: second vice-president, Mrs. Monroe Jacobs; secretary, H. Schwarzlose; treasurer, D. E. Glidden; directors, L. C. Williams, W. Hannan, and R. Mephram.

The annual picnic of the Association, which was held upon the grounds of the state school at Berkeley, eclipsed that of any previous year. The committee in charge disposed off at cost confectionery, ice-cream, lemonade, soda water, and other eatables, retailing a cup of coffee and a "hot dog" sandwich at the now unheard-of price of five cents. Cash awards were given in the various games, the swimming tank was open all day, and dancing and games held sway in the spacious gymnasium until late at night.

Mother—"Alice, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed."

Alice—"Yes, Mama, and so has the hen."

## Deaf Band Folk "Feel" the Music

NEW YORK, June 14.—A brass band of all deaf players is an innovation of the New York League for the Hard of Hearing is about to bring into the limelight. Another is an all-deaf dramatic club.

The organizations are part of the league's efforts to normalize the deafened, who, according to Miss Annetta Peck, executive secretary of the league, are "often shy, diffident and sensitive, because they believe the pleasures of normal people are not for them."

Miss Peck herself and all the members of her office and welfare force are deafened; thus when a deafened person comes to league headquarters at 126 East Fifty-ninth Street, for help of any kind, he gets it from one in whom he immediately recognizes an understanding friend.

The band was formed at the suggestion of one of the members.

"He had worked out a theory that the vibrations of wind instruments might prove beneficial to the deaf," Miss Peck explained, "Physicians said it was at least worth trying, so we added the band to our other activities. Those who believe deafened persons have no sense of rhythm should hear them play. They seem to feel the music, and are easily instructed."

The dramatic club is to present a pageant soon as its first production. Many of the club members are persons who have long cherished stage ambitions which remained unfulfilled because of their affliction. Under the careful training of Miss Helen Cooper, herself slightly deafened, the players pick up cues by lip reading, and are no longer debarred from the thing they love.

Nearly every one of the 80 members of the league belongs to some club within the organization. There are study clubs, dance clubs, card clubs and Sunday inspiration clubs. Headquarters has a kitchen where simple refreshments may be prepared.

The *Chronicle* published monthly in the interests of the league, is under the auspices of the business and professional women's group of the league. The editor is a psychologist and the club contains women representatives of almost every business and profession.

"There are few occupations from which the deafened are completely barred," Miss Peck said.

"Our employment and vocation department attempts to find out just what are the capabilities and limitations of every deafened person needing work. When we take him through his first interview, usually that is the hardest work.

"A lot of people who take deafened employees come back for more because they find there is less chatter and more concentration where the deafened work. Then, too, the deafened are accustomed to monotony and isolation and, therefore, make excellent routine workers. They must substitute eyes for ears and have highly developed powers of observation, too."

—Trenton Times, June 14.

A celebrated continental specialist to whom time was literally money and who was possessed of a fiery temper made it a rule that all patients should be undressed before entering his consulting room so as not to waste any of his valuable time. One day a meek looking little man entered with all his clothes on. "What do you mean by coming in like that?" said the doctor in a rage, "Go and strip at once!" "But I——," faltered the man. "I tell you I've not time to waste," yelled the doctor, and the poor man left the room in haste. When his turn came he re-entered the room. "Now, then," said the doctor, "that's better. What can I do for you?" "I called to collect your subscription for the benevolent society."



# Little Brother and Big California

By ALICE T. TERRY



Our Second Camp Site



Ada—the lovely Chinese girl.



The bride and groom.

**I** SN'T it wonderful sometimes how dreams come true? No matter whether your longing for something is intense or merely vague it is often the surprise of your life when and under what circumstances the dream comes true. I live in Los Angeles. San Francisco is five hundred miles away. For sometime past I had been wishing to go to San Francisco. I wanted to go for several reasons, two reasons in particular, I should say: To see Douglas Tilden, the world's greatest living deaf-mute (it did not suit me that I, a citizen of California, had never met him)—and to see the school for the deaf at Berkeley while it was open, instead of viewing it only in vacation time, as I had done several times before. Formerly I had gone to San Francisco by ship or by train. This time I was determined to go by auto, in our own reliable flivver. But neither my husband nor I are rated as wonderful drivers—and I have always felt that only first-rate drivers have any business on these congested and dangerous California highways—and again, we could not conscientiously take our boy, who is all that can be desired as an autoist, out of High School just for a pleasure trip. We hoped in time to discover a couple of hearing friends with the leisure and the inclination to enter enthusiastically into our plans.

It was April 20, and the weather was glorious. Quite unexpectedly, our young friend, D. August Kaiser, of Oakland, had dropped in upon us again. This was the second time within a few weeks that he had made the trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles alone in his Ford roadster. We greatly admired his skill and daring. Never have I seen a boy with more marked pioneer spirit, all the more remarkable when one knows that he is a deaf-mute. He has in him the quality, the speed, the restlessness of the modern business man, for on one of these trips he covered the 500 miles in seventeen hours, stopping only for gasoline and meals. This time he had come to Los Angeles to remain indefinitely, so he said. Which was but natural, for the young lady of his heart and dreams was here in a near-by suburb. "Dick," I said for that is what they call him—"when we can find some body to drive we are going up to San Francisco."

"Let me take you," he said enthusiastically. Evidently he forgot his immediate plans, in his eagerness to put himself

wholly at our service. "But you cannot go back just now," I said, in an effort not to inconvenience him. "Yes, I am ready any day that you are," he assured us. We decided that if we were going at all that we must be off at once. Still, I hesitated. For what busy mother would not, for it is so hard for her suddenly—in manlike fashion—to detach herself from home and children. Then there were the chickens, I had a flock of them, which I tended with loving care. It did not seem possible that I could get off. That night I counselled with my daughter, who is an unfailing help in any kind of dilemma. She saw that I was worrying especially about the chickens. "The chickens!" she said in true college girl scorn, "the chickens—that should be the least of your worries!"

Dick is a Ford man, a mechanic, an expert one—at least there is a great garage in Oakland that would hate to lose him. Next day as I watched him industriously at work putting our Ford in topnotch traveling shape, I could not help but feel that he was doing more for us than we could ever hope to repay. I wanted to do something for him. So I said, "Dick, would you like for *her* to go?" She was Leah, recently graduated from Berkeley with highest honors. At the mention of her name, his face beamed with such happiness that I proposed that we go at once and ask her mother.

Meanwhile, Dick had become to us only Little Brother—he was so hopeful, so unafraid, rushing with great mind and stout heart over perilous mountain, treacherous desert, and unknown plain—a mere speck against that appalling immensity, which is big California. Next day Leah came—and we were off. There are two state highways, one the Coast Road, the other the Valley Road. We chose the latter. Sixty miles north-east of Los Angeles we entered the mountain belt, to travel forty miles over fine mountain roads known as the Ridge Route. How well the little car behaved, to the surprise and intense delight of Little Brother who had confidently expected trouble, as any man might expect of a machine he had never driven before. But let trouble come—he was prepared for it—he knew the Ford parts from A to Z. How eagerly the car took grades, no matter how long or how steep, she seemed manifest with a sheer love for climbing. How beautiful was the scenery all about us, how we enjoyed it! Nature has a meaning all her own in the mountains. The more you try to interpret it, the more mysterious it becomes,



Responsibility



Entering the Ridge Route.



Our first night out.

with you yourself getting nearer to the infinite. The sky is never so wonderfully deep, deep blue as when standing immediately below, you view it directly at the top of some tall cliff or peak. In a little breathing place between hills, we ate our lunch. Here nature put on a different aspect—the color of hills, rocks and flowers were not the same. They were truly different, but still beautiful—we were on the borderland of the Great Mojave Desert. The trees were different, we had never seen their like before, nor could we find out anything about them. It was here that we missed our friend, Carol Land, the boy scout master who is familiar with the plants and trees in different parts of our great state.

Our next stop was Bakersfield, which is known as a dry and dreadfully hot place owing to its proximity to the desert. The approach there was interesting, for it was over a thirty-eight mile road running as straight as a pencil from the Ridge to that city. The city certainly lived up to its reputation that day, for we found it sizzling hot, with every cold drink counter doing a rushing business. A most amusing incident occurred here which caused us to refer to the place ever afterwards as the Pickpocket Belt. Now, if you travel the length of California, you will readily observe that the country is divided into belts; as the Cotton Belt, the Orange Belt, the Mountain Belt, the Oil Belt, the Grape Belt, the Fig Belt, etc. No, we were not robbed. Nothing of the kind. The joke was on a member of our party, but I am not permitted to tell it here. Only I hope that the good citizens of Bakersfield may never see this, for they would be shocked to know that I am advertising their fair city as the *Pickpocket Belt*.

Toward evening of that first day, we arrived at the famed Benedict Poultry Ranch near Porterville. Here, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict greeted us, and we spent the night with them. Next morning we learned a whole lot of useful knowledge about chickens, for they have over 4000 fine White Leghorns. They have autos, fine horses, Holstein cows, and other live stock. Mr. Benedict is one of the most genial of men, which accounts much for his great popularity with the hearing people and business men of Porterville. His wife is gentle and refined. We had a brief call upon another couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman of Terra Bella. Mrs. Hoffman was Miss Grace Knight of Chicago. Then, after a fine chicken dinner with the Benedicts we resumed our journey.

Just before arriving at Fresno, we stopped at the little town of Selma for a brief visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H.

Meyers. We enjoyed ourselves, and left, never dreaming of the terrible tragedy that was so soon to befall that little family.

The country around Fresno is lovely, indeed, with its thousands of acres of luxuriant vineyards. All the way through Central California, I was struck by the fact that most houses are half buried beneath the dense foliage of umbrella trees. I soon saw why, to protect them from the scorching heat of summer. We intended to stop that night at the Auto Camping Park on the outskirts of Fresno. But, when we drove in the place seemed so crowded—it looked like a backwoods camp meeting ground, with dusty sand a foot deep—it repelled us. We went farther on up the highway, presently to turn into a lane which we hoped would immediately lead to a friendly camp site, with at least trees and grass. It was growing dark, but no available spot loomed up. Finally, in desperation we turned into a pasture just back of a ranch house. We did not wish to alarm the ranchers with our sudden strange presence, so went to the house to ask permission to spend the night in that vicinity. Our request was readily granted, to our great relief and joy, for an instant ago we had felt desperately friendless and homeless, with night coming on, and no place in all God's wonderful open to lay our weary heads. After a cold supper out of our lunch box we wrapped our blankets about us in Indian fashion—or to be more up-to-date I should say Sierra Club style—and lay down to the sleep of the just. How beautiful and companionable were the stars! We were glad that we had endured a little hardship for their sake—we were glad that we had scorned a roof of any kind. Toward four o'clock the cooling breezes of morning playing softly about our faces awoke us, to prepare us, I suspect, for the picture of a glorious sun-rise. There was a gray mare and a brown mare in the pasture; and the night before we had been half afraid that they might trample us while we slept. But the morning showed us that the well-bred creatures had hardly moved at all, they were still there in the same place by the fence. By six o'clock we were off—motoring forty miles before we stopped at a small town for breakfast. We saw a sign, New York Restaurant, and supposed it a good place to eat. Just as we would ordinarily suppose things bearing the *New York* stamp to be reliable. This ought to please Alexander L. Pach, who is fond of taking vigorous exception to some of my statements. Well, after being seated, a Chinese waiter appeared, and we soon saw the significance of the *New York* camouflage. But, for the fun of it we decided to stay, for it must be borne in mind that we were not



Breakfast!



Thirty-eight miles of straight road.



At Benedict's. The horse doesn't like it.

at all adverse to adventure. But the breakfast that chink set before us! Forget it, is the only way. But I wonder what Mr. Pach would have said. Could he have analyzed the *New York* ingredients in those cakes, I wonder? We got even all right, though. We teased him to our heart's content. Seeing that we were deaf, he became solicitous as to our nationality. We told him that we were Chinese, which he accepted with grave doubt. We told him that we were on our way to Alaska. He accepted this with open-mouthed credulity. To Alaska in a Ford, is that something new? We drew on paper the likeness of a Celestial with the traditional pig-tail. We showed that to him, with the contention that it was the likeness exactly. He understood, he moved away from us, and we could not coax him to return. Finally, we pinned the picture to the wall, and left.

Our next stop was Merced. Here we were enthusiastic, this place is the gateway to Yosemite. We planned on our return trip to stop here, and take in both the Mariposa Grove, which is the Big Trees, and Yosemite. By five o'clock that evening we were within thirty-five miles of Oakland. We could easily have made it, but we did not care to, for we were anxious for the charm of another night in the open with only the beloved stars for a roof. Again, as on the previous night, we had a hard time finding a place to stay. At last, we turned abruptly off the highway to dart through wide open gates into a lane, made inviting, indeed, by rows of tall trees on either side. There was a dry creek bed full of boulders near by. It was an ideal camp site, for here we could safely build a fire and cook our meals. We, hastily, took possession of the place, and started supper. Oh, the aroma of coffee and bacon on the cool, misty air, mingled with the salt breezes wafted in from San Francisco Bay! We were sorry that our journey was nearing its end. For four days in the open had so filled us with the joys of adventure that we felt quite fit to cross the continent,—or better still, as we told the Chinaman, continue on up to Alaska. We speculated as to the whereabouts of the owner of this lovely estate. My own impression was that it was tenanted, with the rich owner living in San Francisco. As it grew dark I recalled some of Jack London's stories of wild human night prowlers in these very suburbs, and felt a bit uncanny. But there was Little Brother with the keen eye and the iron nerve, with revolver ready at the first moment's alarm. We saw the headlights of an auto coming up from another road that we had not noticed. We felt uneasy, our fears were soon confirmed, for it turned and headed straight for us, stopping within a few feet of our car. The men of our party went forward to meet it. It was a woman, she was alone, save for the small child at her side—and she was talking furiously, though her speech fell on deaf ears. Finally she made the men understand that they were unwelcome intruders on her place. My husband explained as best he could, but that did not appease her. Then he told her that there were ladies in the party. She did not believe him. So I went forward to meet her, which completely altered the situation. She was ever so sweet to me, inviting me up to her house in the morning for milk and eggs. We were friends instantly. Before departing she added, "I have some bad dogs, but I locked them up tonight," which information we received with devout thanksgiving. Then feeling secure, and at peace with all the world we slept. A heavy mist fell during the night, and in the morning our blankets were quite wet, but we felt first-rate, indeed. I have wondered since if that daring woman who stopped her car alone at night to face, perchance battle, unknown men is a veritable man-hater.

By ten o'clock that morning we were in Oakland, after a drive over one of the loveliest canyon roads that I have ever seen. It was dreamland on every side—a country which I readily recognized, although had seen it only once before. That was twelve years ago, from the window of a Salt Lake train as I entered the Golden Gate country for the first time. Mr. Terry and I went at once to the home of Mr. and Mrs.

Robert Mephram whose guests we were to be, while Leah went to gladden Prof. and Mrs. Runde with a long anticipated visit. As to Little Brother he returned to the parental roof in Oakland.

That night we were tendered a reception at the lovely hillside home of the Rundes, given by the social club known as the I. N. C. It was a most enjoyable gathering, and nothing else could have occurred to make us feel so instantly welcome. Sunday morning we ran over for a brief call upon Prof. and Mrs. J. W. Howson. They, too, have a beautiful home, with a garden that is one to be real proud of, it is full of flowers and bearing fruit. From there, we went to find Tilden, the sculptor. He received us most cordially. He knew me, we needed no introduction—although we had never met before. We viewed some of his very recent work, which is beautiful and impressive. When it is finally set up in statue form it will be another triumph to the fame of the great sculptor. It happened that day, May first, was his birthday, and Mr. Terry invited him down town to dinner with us. Later, Mr. Mephram suggested that we cross the Bay over to San Francisco—to see Chinatown, more particularly to see Ada Young Tom, the lovely Chinese girl who was educated at the deaf school at Berkeley. Ada was out, but her mother, one hundred per cent Chinese and dressed in her native costume, received us graciously. We left a note for Ada to call on us the following day.

Monday found us at the School for the Deaf and Blind at Berkeley. I was impressed by the homelike, hospitable atmosphere about the place. Principal and Mrs. W. A. Caldwell very kindly asked us to lunch with them at their cheery, commodious home on the grounds. And the grounds of the Berkeley School are certainly "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever." I wonder if there is another similar school where the alumni take such a sustained interest in the pupils and welfare of the institution in general as they do here. Later, while Mrs. Mephram and I visited in the girls' sewing room, the door opened suddenly, and in burst Ada—the impersonation of life, and the best in life. She was gowned in up-to-date American style; she had a pink-and-buff-chrysanthemum complexion which needs only her jet black hair and eyes to be so truly Oriental; added to her very charming and lively ways was her manifest good common sense. The rest of that day and evening Ada was our guest. Never did I take such delight in a new friend as I did, her—Ada, the lovely little Chinese girl, pure and undefiled, and living in notorious Chinatown, not from choice, but because she has to, and hating it cordially. There are no other deaf Chinese there, but she finds a welcome in the home of the better class of deaf people in the Bay cities.

Tuesday evening we were the guests of the Howsons at a large and very enjoyable reception at their home. Here, I would like to mention other interesting people that we met, as well as some very amusing incidents, but space will not permit it. It is unfortunate that the great deaf crowds of San Francisco and Los Angeles are prevented from mingling more by the great distance, 500 miles, which separates them.

We spent Wednesday seeing a few more friends, and getting ready for the start home the next day. Or rather to Yosemite—for we planned to go there first. Leaving Oakland early in the day, we made the 135 miles to Merced easily, getting there before night fall, the last fifty miles being through a heavy down-pour. So everything was wet, and we had to forego the fun of more camp life. It was here that Mr. Terry and I got THE BIG SURPRISE of the whole trip—Little Brother and Leah were now Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser—they had secretly married two days ago in Oakland! Congratulations, best wishes—more congratulations—thus did we spend the evening listening to the happy prattle of bride and bridegroom. So the homeward trip was their honeymoon tour. Which, of course, ought to be best told by the happy couple themselves. Next morning it was very cold, with the clouds



threatening either snow or rain. We were in a quandry—we did not know if we should try to get to Yosemite or not. But the lure, the grandeur of the incomparable Valley was too much for us. Prepared for hardships, perhaps to be snowed under in the mountains, we set out, blissfully unaware that wiser heads dubbed us *fools*. We were thirty miles out on the unpaved road when we struck mud, just plain devilish mud—and the Ford began to behave in crazy-quilt fashion—skid, they call it—so much so that even our master driver, Little Brother, was rendered powerless. There were steep grades and there were cliffs, with accidents and horrible visions looming up. In that single instant, all the joys of adventure left me—my thoughts ran only to one word, *home*. Reluctantly, we turned around and made straight for dear old Los Angeles, home, sweet home. We did not have our skid chains along, but Little Brother said chains would not have helped. He said afterwards that had he been *alone* he would have gotten to Yosemite, he simply would have made that contrary flivver subject to his will! And I saw no reason to doubt him. For two days, we travelled through more or less stormy weather. Never had we known rain so late in the season as this. At intervals we passed cars lying wrecked by the road side. Big, expensive cars that had skidded, collided, or

wrecked in the hands of sheer reckless drivers. There was a sign posted along the route which read, "You wreck 'em, we get 'em." I wondered if that sign, placed there by some ambitious garage, had some strange psychological effect on motorists, judging from the number of wrecked cars we saw.

I must not close this article without stating that Mr. Terry, best known as a poet, proved a first-rate humorist on this memorable trip. So there was fun, fun galore, everywhere. Once while we worried about not having a theft signal along Mr. Terry suavely suggested that a ship anchor would do! As to my sweet little companion, Leah, she played a great part, too. She is a good lip-reader, also she has partial hearing, by which she once detected something amiss in the engine, which saved further trouble. There were times, too, when Little Brother seemed a giant tower of strength against Nature and the elements,—it was then that I wanted to reverse my title and say, "Big Brother and Little California."

We arrived home with joy and thanksgiving in our hearts, to find the children and everything first-rate. Thus ended a great trip, which, told pictorially in the snap-shots I have, is labelled "Once in a Life-Time." Several days later we invited the local deaf to a reception which we gave in honor of Little Brother and his lovely bride.

## The Deaf-Mute Colony at Durham, N. C.



THE DURHAM DEAF CHRISTIANS.



THE DURHAM KIDDIES OF DEAF PARENTS.

### THE CHURCH WORKERS AT DURHAM



From left to right:—Mrs. R. C. Fortune, Mrs. Kelly Bingerstaff, Rev. R. C. Fortune, Mrs. Harvey Hopson and Mrs. Golden Eubanks, all of Durham, North Carolina.

A young woman in Central Park overheard an old negress call to a piccaninny: "Come heah, Exy, Exy!"  
"Excuse me, but that's a queer name for a baby, aunty?"  
"Dat ain't her full name," explained the old woman with pride; "dat's jes' de pet name I calls for short. Dat chile got a mighty grand name. Her ma picked it out in a medicine book—yessum, de child's full name is Ezeena."

### HIS BABY

By Dr. Frank Crane

She is my mother, said the young man, but I call her my baby. She is eighty years old. Old people are very like babies, and we ought to love them, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven. I have an idea life evens up things. When I was young and helpless, she took care of me; now I take care of her. I am paying my debt.

She never left me alone when I was an infant. Now I do not leave her alone.

She was patient with me then; now I am patient with her.

She fed me; now I feed her. I clothe and keep her.

She sacrificed her young life for me; I am glad of every chance I have sacrificed for her.

She loved me when I was ignorant, awkward, needing constant care, and all because I was hers, born of her body and part of her soul. Now every feebleness and trait of childishness in her endears her to me, for no reason except that she is my mother.

By so much as she is a tax on my time, attention and money, I love her.

She shall not triumph over me in the day of Judgment; for my tenderness shall equal hers. She watched me until I grew up; I shall watch with her until she steps into heaven.

—Selected.



PORTRAIT ARTIST

Anthony P. Krieger, 4314 West Warren Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, is an artist; attended the Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, several years ago. He draws a perfect portrait from any one in less than twenty minutes. He also enlarges small pictures. Any one desiring to have pictures enlarged, write him.—Adv.

## The British Deaf Times

An illustrated magazine—newspaper for the Deaf. Published every two months. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

### LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

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### The British Deaf Times,

25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

## OBITUARY

The many friends of Miss Clara Phoebe Smith will learn with sincere regret that she quietly passed away on July 7th, 1921, at her home in Lansing, Mich., after an illness of two years.

As far as the writer was able to learn, direct cause of her death was Heart Failure.

At the time of death she was, we believe, 74 years old, having just rounded out her last milestone on April 30th last.

She began to show signs of sinking rapidly on Sunday, July 3rd, dropping into unconsciousness from which she never recovered up to the hour of her death which was both peaceful and painless. The remains were brought to Detroit July 9th for cremation.

Miss Smith was well known throughout the country as



MISS CLARA PHOEBE SMITH

Artist and Photographer. Died July 7, 1921 at Lansing, Michigan.

a professional photographer and artist. All of her work bore the stamp of "First class."

Truly it can be said that talent is often a natural born gift in some. Of many talents that some display in early childhood, two, the pen and brush take first rank.

While the pen can portray brilliant word pictures of things, that are both real and not real, the brush can delineate these same things in brilliant color, so it can be truly said of Miss Clara Smith, she was a born-Artist and one of whom the deaf throughout the land can be justly proud.

This artistic talent was plainly noticed in her while a student at Fanwood, although in those days the school lacked the facilities of developing this talent. Miss Smith, after leaving school, was afforded the opportunity of a course in Art at the Syracuse, N. Y., University. After completing this course, she opened a large photograph studio at Clayton, N. Y. A few years later she sold her interests there and came to Detroit where she remained a number of years in the employ of A. C. Millard, a well known business man and photographer. It was while Miss Smith was at Millard's, the writer first made her acquaintance that later ripened into a close and intimate friendship with her, and Miss Grace Millard, now Mrs.

Seymour Knox, of Buffalo, N. Y., wife of the well known 5 and 10c store magnet.

After the death of Mr. Millard, Miss Smith returned to New York State and opened a photo studio at Gouverneur, New York, taking into partnership with her a gentleman whose name the writer does not recall.

In 1908, Miss C. Smith again came back to Michigan and settled at Mason, Mich., opening a photo studio there which she operated until 1910, when failing health com-

pelled her to retire from active business.

In 1915, Miss Smith, with her two sisters, Mrs. Eliza Doolittle and Mrs. Amoretta Dart, moved to Lansing where she resided up to the hour of her death.

Miss Smith was born at Russel, New York. She came of a family of eight children. Mrs. Doolittle and Mrs. Dart are the only two of her family who survive her.

GERTRUDE E. M. NELSON

DETROIT, MICH., July 22, 1921.

## JUST SO WE DON'T FORGET HOW TO BRAY

By ONE OF THE ASSES



AFTER reading both Mr. Smaltz's "Fable of the Ass Who Was Taught to Whinny" and Mr. Pierce's article in reply, I have come to the conclusion that neither of these gentlemen have taken just the right attitude towards the deaf. It is without a doubt that they are sticking up for their own method of training. They have forgotten that each method has its good points as well as the bad ones.

As I know about both the oral and manual system, I feel qualified in being somewhat "riled" at Mr. Pierce. I believe his views are much too narrow for the average deaf person. He forgets that the oral method of lip-reading requires good eye-sight. I, for one, could not stand the strain of lipreading throughout the day without feeling as if my eyes were not sticking out of my head. While after a long conversation in signs or finger-spelling, I have not felt the least tired, unless quite a distance from the person.

Mr. Pierce, who, in his own article, confesses to living almost wholly among the hearing people with a hearing wife, although he does not mention her, objects to signs and finger-spelling because it "attracts attention." Granting that this is so, I have often seen oralists trying to talk to each other in the cars. It is seldom that their conversation does not attract almost as much attention, especially as they frequently repeat their sentences, and frequently misunderstanding one another they resort to gestures, or finger-spelling if they know the alphabet. As for the facial distortions, well, I have seen orally taught deaf, and also hearing people, expressing their likes and dislikes in just the same way. No one can keep his face in a pleasant expression all the time.

Mr. Pierce further states that we are a clannish lot. Perhaps so, but who isn't? If no one was clannish we would go out in the street and pat every one on the back, mingle with the rich, poor, different races and different religions. Do not others gather around among people they prefer? If it is not right, why do lodges and clubs exist? I admit we are clannish and prefer our own kind. But as long as we find intelligent company to brighten our lives, what objection should there be against our enjoyment?

I must also disagree with Mr. Pierce that we are taking "the easiest way." Some of the non-speaking deaf are similar to Mr. Smaltz's fable, I admit, for they have learned to "whinny" without being able to make their hearing relatives understand. This embarrasses them so that they either leave home or resort to writing their conversation on paper. So for these deaf what good does learning to speak unintellectual sounds do for them? That they cannot speak with ease does not make them dunces. Many non-speaking deaf have held responsible positions and are prosperous and happy. And their gain does not

make them selfish. What deaf man does not help his fellow deaf and some who are not deaf?

Finally, I must say that Mr. Pierce is entirely wrong when he says he would lose his speaking voice and power of lip-reading by mingling with the deaf at socials. No matter how many deaf are around, there are always many, many hearing people that he could converse with. Even Akron is not over-run with the deaf. There should be at least ONE hearing person there for him to talk to. To shut himself off from his companion deaf "to improve the human race for the speaking deaf," he has shut out of his life much of the happiness that I do not think God wishes to deny us. And I think we can do "our level best" by conversing the best we are able in the shortest time, and giving the rest of our time to being helpful, sympathetic, understanding, and loving to the non-speaking deaf, the speaking deaf, and every other human around us.

Now, in regard to Mr. Smaltz, he seems to believe that we cannot learn to "whinny." Some of us can do that very well. As long as any of the deaf can learn to talk to the hearing with good articulation, or are able to hear their own voice when they talk, I think it would be wrong to keep them from doing so. Yet they should not be kept from learning the signs and finger-spelling, as Mr. Pierce seems to think; for in that case the deaf would forget how to "bray," and doing so, they would lose much of the happiness I believe they are entitled to among the companionship of other deaf, both manual and orally taught.

Taking myself for example as to how I get along with the deaf and the hearing, I think I do pretty well for one taking "the easiest way." Being able to hear myself talk, I can talk as well, I believe, as Mr. Pierce. I have always talked to hearing people, and married a hearing man, from whom I am now divorced. I can therefore talk to my son. But if he does not learn the sign language and is not able to find interest in his mother's deaf friends, I will be greatly disappointed. As I said before, I am a poor lip-reader, and my relatives and friends usually use the finger-spelling to me, while I talk back to them. To my deaf friends, and I have many of them, I use the signs and talk to a few. I have not yet learned to sign well, as until a short time ago I went mostly with my hearing friends, so was unable to "bray" to my kind.

And so, after my fourteen years of deafness, I have found that though to the hearing it is best to talk, if we can do so and be understood, we should, nevertheless, keep the truer friendship of the deaf, no matter by what method they are taught. In this way we find not only happiness for ourselves, but a wider outlet in which to do the little deeds of kindness for others that our Father has asked us to do for him here.

And to sum this all up in a few words, one has but to say: "We, the asses, must learn to whinny as much as we can, just so we don't forget how to bray!"



## We Can Understand Each Other Even Better

*An Answer To Mr. Pierce's "We Can Understand Each Other Very Well"*

By HENRY T. PULVER



THE article entitled "We Understand Each Other Very Well," by Mr. J. A. Pierce, which appeared in the May issue of the Silent Worker, intrigued me. In intriguing me, Mr. Pierce may plume himself upon having achieved the unusual. After delving into the dialectical subtleties of Tomio Aquino and reading Friend Meagher's Jimmy-pomes, I had considered myself past intriguing. But Mr. Pierce has pleasantly undeceived me. I will go even further, and tell him his article would have seemed amusing, even humorous, were he not so terribly tragic about it.

Mr. Pierce labors under a painful misapprehension at the very beginning of his article. He imagines, though the why of the business is a mystery to the spectator, that Mr. Smaltz's "Fable of the Ass Who Was Taught to Whinny," was a slap at his own particular self. I assume what I fear may be a disagreeable and thankless task; I pull the bell-cord and tell Mr. Pierce he has passed his stop.

Mr. Smaltz's fable is a clever piece of satire, worthy of a George Ade or a Bernard Shaw. It is not a slap at any body. By allegory, it is a discussion of the relative merits of the Combined and Oral Methods in the education of the Deaf, but it is not an attempt to pillory any individual. It is, moreover, a humorous, not an abusive discussion, a fact which seems to have escaped our oral friends. And yet they act as if someone had been throwing bricks at them, or desecrating their household shrines. Apparently, it is not possible nowadays, to leap over one's own wall without landing on an oralist.

Now let us return to the intriguing Mr. Pierce. The young gentleman thinks he has been shot. He imagines he has been singled out from the ranks of his orally-trained brethren as the target for a verbal arrow. He rubs the imaginary wound and glares balefully at Mr. Smaltz. He compares his fury with that of a bull in whose face a red rag has been waved. He writes two replies, one of which he tears up as too violent for publication. Finally, he bestrides his war horse and commences in the true Quixotian manner, a fatuous assault upon a windmill. Will some one kindly tell Mr. Pierce he is making himself unbearably ridiculous? Apparently, the fact has not yet dawned upon his consciousness.

I am a patient man, and might have tolerated Mr. Pierce's article in silence, had he retained the mere semblance of consistency. But he starts out with the avowed object of "flattening" Mr. Smaltz, and before arriving anywhere near his objective, pauses to entangle himself in that "Methods" business, after which he indulges in some delightful personal biography, ending in a pathetic whimper of paternity. I would like to demand of Mr. Pierce what he means by it. On behalf of his readers who were promised fireworks, I ask Mr. Pierce when the show is to begin. We did not come to admire the scenery; having been promised fireworks, nothing else will satisfy us. If Mr. Pierce is going to "flatten" Mr. Smaltz, let him be about his business.

Mr. Pierce lays himself open to the righteous censure of the thinking deaf by his reference to Mr. Smaltz's fable as the "growling of a cross dog," and by calling Mr. Smaltz himself an ass. I had imagined that the use of such cheap personal abuse had passed out of gentlemanly discussion in this country, and existed, if at all,

only in ward politics. But Mr. Pierce has brought to my sensibilities the disagreeable impression that it still exists. For his own enlightenment, I fain would tell Mr. Pierce that, to "polish off" an opponent artistically, it is not at all necessary to call him names; the thing can be done much more expeditiously and with less mess by means of perfectly polite language.

In his efforts to slap his fellow-deaf, Mr. Pierce trips himself up very neatly. He begins by saying he has met less than a dozen deaf people during the past decade, and then, in the very next breath, blandly tells us the Clarke School graduates (implying the Deaf trained by exclusive Oral Methods, as a class) are superior to those of Combined Schools. I would like to know upon what grounds, fanciful or otherwise, Mr. Pierce bases his conclusions. Upon less than a dozen Deaf people whom he has encountered at intervals during the past decade? Really this is too much. Following the same line of reasoning, a visitor from the Moon would conclude that all the inhabitants of the Earth were fools, if he met only a dozen specimens and if that dozen was composed of idiots. Before fathering a statement so catholic in its application, Mr. Pierce should enlarge his knowledge of his subject by means of an exhaustive sociological investigation. Let him visit New York, Chicago, Akron and other large industrial centres, where he would be able to study representative groups of the educated deaf, including graduates of both Combined and Oral schools. Let him sweat with the deaf, and teach them, and preach to them. Then, and not till then, would he be privileged to speak upon a subject of which, at present, he confessedly knows nothing.

The relative merits of the Combined and Oral Methods as educational media is a matter that has been talked to death, and I, for one, am tired of it. It should be left to repose beneath the stars alongside John Barleycorn and International Arbitration. I would not, of my own volition, attempt to exhume it and use it as the subject for a post-mortem investigation. But, since Mr. Pierce has chosen to dig up the fetid corpse and start carving operations upon it, I see no reason why I should not join in the dissection, the more especially as the ghoulish task may thereby be expedited, and the final internment be hastened. But, I rather fancy, I shall have enough of it. If any one wants to dig it up and repeat the operation after I have finished, I shall remain a passive, albeit somewhat bored, spectator.

In its final analysis the regnancy of a process—whether for the separation of copper from its ore, or the education of the deaf should be determined by the results it produces, both quantitatively and qualitatively. Let us apply the criterion to the much talked about question as to whether the Exclusive Oral or the Combined Method is most advantageous, and see where it leads us.

For some time, I have been preparing for my own amusement a statistical study of the mentality and attainments in after-school life of the graduates of Combined and Exclusive Oral schools. I realize that this investigation, owing to the limited number of individuals studied as compared to the total number of the Deaf in the United States, is, by no means, exhaustive. It may well be that future developments will nullify my findings. I am, therefore, loathe to give out my results at this time.

But, since Mr. Pierce is sadly in need of information, I will say that, according to my preliminary survey, in education and all-around intelligence, the Combined Method graduates score heavily; their superiority in the division I have agreed to call Superior Deaf is about three to one, and decreases in a definite ratio until, when we reach the classes showing the least mentality, the Oral graduates are numerically superior. When we approach numerically and qualitatively the results relating to the Deaf as engaged in gainful occupations in general, in the higher professions, such as Teaching, Chemistry, Architecture, and Journalism; in Art, and in the Ministry, the superiority of the Combined over Oral graduates is almost unbelievable. Should Mr. Pierce doubt my findings—and possessing as he does the **Oral state of mind**—he will, let him make an investigation of his own along any lines compatible with scientific exactness. He will find the results as illuminating as I will, amusing.

I spoke in the above paragraph of the **oral state of mind**. I will explain the expression by saying that it stands for a type of mentality that is marked by distinct psychological phenomena. It is not merely a temporary misapprehension that can be pierced and dissolved by the thrusts of logic. It is not simply a surface glaze, but a thing immeasurably deeper; it is a type of mind not dissimilar to religious fanaticism. The colors have been allowed to penetrate into the innermost fibers of the wood, and have been case-hardened and baked in by years and years of painstaking, if misguided, effort on the part of Oral experimenters—for I refuse to call them teachers.

The subject of the experiment—God help him, for he cannot help himself—is commonly the victim of certain marked mental peculiarities. He believes he is a superior being—that the rest of the Deaf are crude, "uncultured" persons, with whom he cannot associate except at his peril. He is convinced that to him has been given a boon denied to his fellows, that while he has been "restored to society," the rest of the deaf lead empty lives in the outer darkness. He looks upon the sign language as a "monkey" language and considers those who use it mental degenerates. He is very positive in his own opinions; only he can be right. And all these fallacies he crowns with the fond delusion that he can **speak** and that he is able to associate on a plane of equality with the Hearing.

It is well known by the man on the street that the exclusive Oral Schools, far from achieving the results necessary to justify the beliefs they implant in the minds of their pupils, are not even able to teach the **average** congenitally deaf pupil to speak with a fluency sufficient to enable him to mix with strange hearing people without discomfort to either. To describe a personal experience—Several years ago, in company with a hearing clergyman I visited a public exhibition given by star pupils at a prominent New England Oral School. After it was all over I asked my friend what he thought of it. He said he suffered horribly; the rest of the unbiased persons in the audience suffered horribly; he had no doubt from their shrieks of anguish that the pupils themselves suffered horribly; and, although he was considered a charitable man, even among his fellow-clergy, he hoped the persons responsible for the outrage suffered horribly, also.

Mr. Pierce criticizes with what he considers a righteous indignation the manner in which the deaf "magnify their affliction," by failing to utilize what power is left in their speech mechanisms. He waxes warm and assumes an almost holy enthusiasm when he pictures the action of abandoning the use of imperfectly developed vocal organs as a crime against Nature. In this he shows himself more of an idealist than I had hitherto suspected. In deed, his sentiments would be praiseworthy, if otherwise applied.

The noblest sight in this world is a man fighting against odds. We all admire the swimmer, with his head upstream, striving to save a human life; the soldier going over the top in the face of a fiery rain, that his home and fireside may remain free; the religious reformer hurling the spear of truth into the teeth of dogma, that the souls of men may be freed of their shackles. But if the swimmer or the soldier or the reformer is striving for self-gratification and not for the advantage of his fellow-men—if his act does not and cannot add to the sum total of human understanding or human happiness, and he attains only a smug self-glorification, then he is playing the fool's part and deserves the fool's reward, the contempt of the world.

The Exclusive Oralists in general, and Mr. Pierce in particular, confuse the real aim of teaching the Deaf. If, as it seems apparent, they are conducting a vaudeville entertainment, and aim primarily to amuse people, then they have succeeded admirably in attaining their object. It is true that they have achieved results bordering upon the unique and the marvelous in putting words into the mouths of the congenitally deaf. But if, as they claim, their object has been to **educate**, to **enlighten**, to **elevate**, the pupils themselves and not provide diversion for the gaping multitudes, then they have failed miserably, a fact patent to everybody. Behold their fruits!—The helpless souls they have broken and cast aside in the course of their experiments; the pitiful remains of wrecked minds they have strewn along our highways—minds that might have burned with divine fire; the mentally lame and halt and blind with which they have burdened our hearing population under the fatuity that they would "understand one another very well!" These give them the lie direct.

Mr. Pierce views with bewilderment the instances (may they increase!) of Orally educated Deaf who have turned their backs on Oralism in after life. He tells of a brilliant young woman who (sic) "threw away perfect articulation, a vocabulary and an inherent knowledge of speech-reading for a deaf-mute husband and deaf associates." He also says that "dozens of boys and girls have natural, though rudimentary speech, which they will not use, which they positively refuse to use." Mr. Pierce grieves for his fallen brethren, and marvels at their unexampled obstinacy and ingratitude. But he seems utterly helpless to account for the plain fact. He attempts to get around the question by the blanket indictment that "the average deaf-mute is deficient in will power." Really, the young man is becoming tiresome! I expected he would be **original**, at least, after questioning Mr. Smaltz's originality, but here he trots out that outworn and ancient fetish of the Oralists that the Deaf who refuse to come to their way of thinking are "deficient in will power." Has it ever occurred to Mr. Pierce that possibly these people have decided to associate with the "Combined" Deaf, that they are thoroughly alive to their own best interests because they find the society of the "signing" deaf more agreeable than that of their Orally-trained brethren, or the general run of hearing people? Is it not possible that they are acting upon purely logical grounds; that they have asked themselves whether the game was worth the candle; whether they were not a burden upon their bored, if tolerant hearing friends, instead of as they had been taught to think, an unmitigated blessing? Perhaps they had become weary of serving as Exhibit A or Exhibit B in the museum of the Oral Experimenter, and decided to strike out for themselves.

Mr. Pierce's indictment of the deaf for "clannishness" shows how well he has been taught to speak his piece by his Oral preceptors. But he wobbles horribly as he proceeds, and his pathetic bid for sympathy in telling how the Orally-trained are forced to "meet rebuff and despair," demonstrates he is treading on uncertain ground.

He does not believe the piece he rattles off so perfectly.

Clannishness—a blessed word, that! It was clannishness which, some thousands of years ago—how many I do not know, drew our ancestors out of their solitary lives in caves and started them upon the great drama of progress that is still unfolding itself as I write these lines. It was clannishness which inspired the early Christians to resist the mighty forces which would have stifled the infant church, and to overcome and redeem the world. It is this same clannishness that has made us a nation. Mr. Pierce may read the results of clannishness in the victory of civilization over German Kultur in the Great War; he may see its footprints upon the banks of the Marne, at Verdun and at Belleau Wood; it is to be perceived in the white crosses that dot the poppy fields of northern France. Clannishness! Why it has been the salvation of the race, and to the Deaf, a right hand. It has given us the strength, in the form of our national and state associations, to fight our common enemies—prejudice, impostorism, industrial discrimination, and Oralism. It has been the basis of every hard won victory we have achieved in our efforts to surmount our afflictions. It is either clannishness or ruin. The Deaf must stand together or fail, and I tell Mr. Pierce and such as he that we will not fail.

I have shot my bolt. Now, that the show is over, I confess it has proved wearisome. I am tired of Mr. Pierce; he has sadly disappointed me. His promise of being intriguing has not been realized, and in my efforts to tell him so, I have been forced to neglect a disquisition upon scholastic philosophy, relating to whether "three angels can sit on the head of a pin or no," which, I believe, would have proved much more diverting. But now I am done with the business, and am going to sleep.

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL IN PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1921.

A man who was continually losing his collar-button while dressing, says the American Medical Journal, complained to his wife about it. With an ingenuity born of the use of hair-pins, she told him to hold the button in his mouth. The next morning she was startled by an unusual commotion.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"I've swallowed the collar-button," said the man.

"Well, responded his wife, "there's one comfort; for once in your life you know where it is."



John A. Roach, of Philadelphia, Pa., pausing for a pose after a promenade on the Great Wooden Way, Atlantic City,



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## TWO NEW TRADES FOR THE DEAF

The Industrial Department of the Illinois School for the Deaf has a class in photography which is doing very creditable work if the many reproductions of group pictures in the last issue of The New Era may be accepted as evidence. The Silent Worker, of the New Jersey School, has during the past twenty-two years been copiously illustrated with photo engravings made by its pupils, the trade having been introduced through the efforts of Mr. Porter, the efficient instructor in printing. These two trades might well be taught in all our schools, for they are peculiarly adapted to the deaf, and they utilize in a practical way, without long and expensive study, the artistic talent possessed by many of our pupils. There are some very successful deaf photographers in this country and a number of deaf men who have steady employment as photo-engravers. There are also several who have mastered photography, photo-engraving and printing, and by combining the three have built up a prosperous publishing business. This suggests that we might teach the three branches together to certain of our pupils. The ability to take photographs and engrave them would make a printer invaluable in the offices of the small country towns, and it is our duty to give the deaf man all the advantages possible to counterbalance the disadvantage of his deafness. Neither photography nor photo-engraving requires an expensive plant, the cost of materials is trifling, and both may be quickly mastered under an efficient instructor.—Exchange.



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### COMING BACK HOME.

Mr. John C. Winemiller of the class of '97 spent the week end at the school. After his graduation here, he went to Gallaudet College and remained until he received the B. A. degree. He was then employed in the School for the Deaf, Colorado Springs, Colo., and has taught there since until last year when he retired to go into business with his brother-in-law, Mr. Fische. His wife is Ernestine Fische, well remembered by all the pupils and people connected with the school at that time. Mr. Winemiller attended chapel Sabbath afternoon and spoke to the children. We have offered him a position as teacher in the school for next year and he has it under consideration. He is one of the bright young men turned out by the Ohio school and could be a great force for good. He seemed to enjoy his visit at the old school and we were glad to welcome him.—*Exchange.*

Jefferson N. Lambion a deaf man of Cincinnati, Ohio, 60 years old, has been traveling for ten years, always on foot, and he has walked from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf, only for his personal sightseeing. The equipment that he carries weighs not less than 100 pounds—in fact, he is one of the best equipped travellers ever met. He has means sufficient to meet his expenses which are light.—*Exchange.*

The Silent Worker for April has a very good write up of the basket ball teams of this school of both the boys and the girls.

It says some nice things about the work done and we rise to acknowledge the compliment.—*Hawkeye.*

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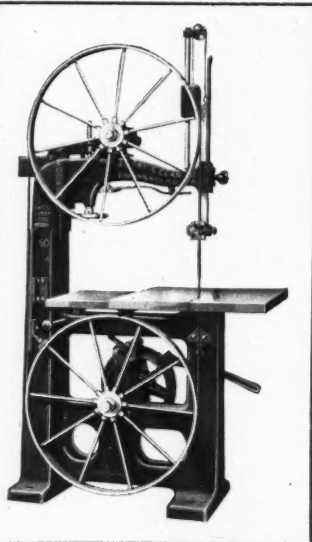
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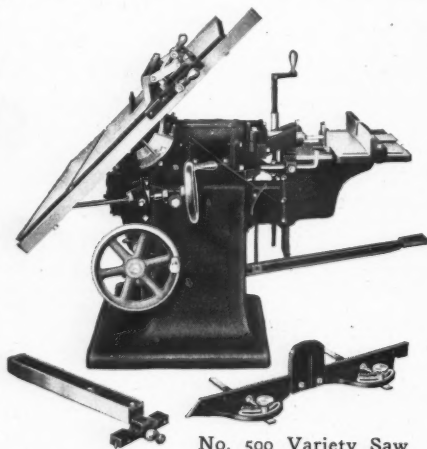
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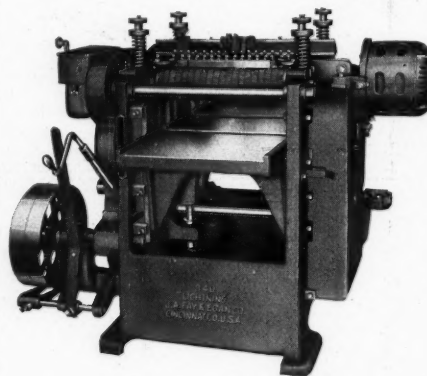


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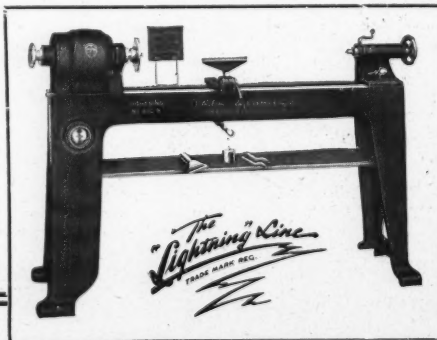
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